THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. L. J. RITTENHOUSE.

In gorgeous chaplets on the trees,
No longer flame like leaves are hung,
And crystal ices flash out where
The mellow fruits of autumn clung.
The cedars droop their stately heads,
Bowed down with diamonds pure and bright;
And fleecy robes have draped the earth
Where flowed the golden summer light.

The wild briar twines its thorny lengths
Through the rail fences rough and old,
And in the fields the dead stalks stand,
Where gleamed the autumn's harvest gold.
Within the woods no more the birds
With fluttering wings the green leaves stir,
And 'round the hives no more the bees
Are buzzing with their drowsy whirr.

The royal lily pallid lies,
The frost drank up the roses' blood,
And all the dainty flowers fled
Before the winter's chilling flood.
No clover breath makes sweet the air,
The moss is covered o'er with snow,
And only scarlet berries flash
Where blushing sweet briars used to grow.

The roads that wound in summer time,
Like yellow ribbons through the shade
Of forest trees, now seem to be
So many bands of ermine made;
And all athwart the western sky
The rose tinged clouds are thickly spread;
Fold after fold with silvery fringe,
Is drawn in festoons over head.

And in the midst the old house stands,
The dear old house, my home no more,
And girlish forms flit through the rooms,
And children play around the door:
But never more beneath its roof
Shall we who made and loved it meet;
Our hungry hearts can only yearn
Over its memories old and sweet.

And though to others it may seem
A queer, old-fashioned house at best,
We know how many happy years
It gave us shelter, peace and rest.
And when around us cares spring up,
And hope withholds her cheering ray,
Our dreary, gloomy thoughts turn to
The dear old home so far away.

Cairo, Illinois.

PARSEES WORSHIPPING THE SETTING SUN IN BOMBAY.

A recent traveller in Bombay, describing a drive, says:—"From the end of the promontory of Malabar Point we look out upon the boundless expanse of the Indian Ocean. The sun rests his broad burning disk for a moment on the wave, then drops down slowly, steadily; a group of Parsees all in white kneel on the shore, and, as the object of their worship departs, they take out their books and offer up their ancient forms of prayer in a language which not one of them understands. Vain worshippers! vain worship!"

SHADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY E. A. SANDFORD.

While spending a few weeks at a place of summer resort, to recruit my health by resting from the duties of my profession, I formed a singular acquaintance. I was interested in the appearance of a young man, who entered with earnestness into all the amusements of the season, and pursued them with that restless eagerness with which an implacable and malicious person might pursue a deadly foe. This comparison, though strange, is forced upon me by his manner. He was earnest, active, always engaged in some form of amusement, with a vigorous, unrelaxed determination, and an unchanging expression of countenance, as though in pursuit of some fell end. Wherever a party was formed, whether for a morning ride or midnight revel, he was one of them. In bowling, dancing, sailing, fowling, fishing, he seemed to be equally at home, and as much in earnest, as though each, by turns, was the one grand pursuit of his life. Nor was his the real interest of the novice—neither the affected interest of the blase, but rather the earnestness of a man of business, who, with a definite purpose—with *malice prepense* "does" all these amusements.

He had great personal advantages, and a fine culture; and was evidently, though without appearing to make any effort to be so, a general favorite. He seemed, to a casual observer, to have an amiable, though rather an unchanging expression of countenance; but on studying it more closely, one was puzzled to reconcile his character, as there expressed, with his manner of life. There appeared to be an indomitable pride and will, a rigidity, a fixed determination to overcome some foe of his life or of his peace.

I regarded him as a curiosity, and watched him, with, perhaps, too professional an eye. At first I think this annoyed him. As soon as I discovered this I desisted. He at once appreciated this delicacy of feeling, and seemed pleased, and rather attracted towards me for the interest I manifested.

As I observed him, day after day, I could see that he constantly faded—that his nervous system was becoming exhausted—his hand trembled—while his eye brightened, and his cheek flushed. I frequently missed him for a day or two, when he would again return to his friends with a cheerful air and an elastic manner, as though determined to keep his place among them, waving off their anxious inquiries by only saying "Have been engaged," and entering at once into their plans.

One evening, just before sunset, he sent for me to come to his room. On being shown in, I found the heavy drapery to his windows closely drawn, and a lamp burning brightly on a centre-table. He was reclining on a sofa, near which stood an easy-chair, which he motioned me to take. I wheeled the chair about, so as to sit by his side facing him. He quickly objected to this movement, so I replaced it in its former position—a little beyond his head, which brought my face in the same direction as his—surveying his body and feet. Though this was certainly an awkward attitude, I submitted to it without a word, supposing it to be dictated by the querulousness of a sudden nervous attack.

"You are a physician?" said he.

"I am."

"You have come here to rest from professional duties?"

"That was my object in coming."

"I would like to consult you professionally."

"I shall be happy to render you any service in my power."

"I am young—and full of—life—I have not lived at all yet," said he, restlessly turning on his cushions.

"You are young," said I, "and life is very bright to you."

At this he turned his face back towards me with such a strange, beseeching look as I shall never forget, repeating,

"Yes, I am young, young."

"You are not well," I said. "You need rest."

"I am not well," he replied. "I thought I should keep up—should overcome—I *must* keep up—*must* overcome," he added with emphasis, suddenly starting up—glancing at the wall behind him, and lying back on the sofa.

This successful exertion of strength told that his was not a physical but a mental exhaustion.

"You will succeed better, my dear sir," said I, "by making less effort. Keep quiet, and give nature an opportunity to rally."

"I am strong," said he, "but I am doomed—doomed."

"I hope not," said I, for the first time feeling his pulse. "You are not far from well. You must go out with me to-morrow. We will take a carriage, and go to some quiet place in the country where we can enjoy the fresh breezes, sunshine, bird-song and blossoms. The clover is now in full bloom, and the summer fruits are ripening. Now, I will give you an opiate and bid you good-night."

As I passed out, I purposely stepped between him and the lamp. He covered his face with his hands, while a shudder ran through his frame. I stopped an instant to look at him, and stepping back, passed out on the other side of the table, still turning to observe him. His eyes followed me, not studying my countenance, but glancing wildly along the opposite wall as I advanced.

The next day he neither made his appearance nor sent for me; but the day following he reported himself ready for the proposed excursion. The morning was fine and cloudless. As soon as the sun had dispelled the early mists we sat out, taking with us our fowling-pieces. When well out into the country, we left our horses at a wayside inn, and made our way through the fields and meadows on foot, frequently trying our skill by taking a bird on the wing. As the sun arose, and the heat increased, I suggested that we should direct our course to a wood not far distant. To this he objected. I then proposed, as he looked weary, to rest in the shade of a tree near which we passed, but, without at all heeding what I said, he walked firmly on to an ascent of ground, and seated himself in the sunshine facing the light. As this position seemed best to satisfy him, I sat down by his side.

The sky was now dotted with floating specks of cloud, white and thick on the side towards the sun, while the opposite edge was tinged with amethyst, beautifully blending with the azure of the sky. I watched them for some time—sailing so proudly on—when I observed that my companion's attention was directed to their images on the fields below, where there was a constant play of shadow and sunshine, so that we often found ourselves, for a little moment, under a cloud.

These cloudlets were drifting from the southward. I saw, that as a shadow approached, his countenance would assume a distressed expression, and as it passed, he would glance back, following it for a moment with his eyes. This was so often repeated that I could not but observe it. Finally, burying his face in his hands, with a convulsive shudder, as formerly, he groaned.

"Doctor, in Heaven's name, cannot you do something for me?"

"My dear friend," said I, gently removing his hands, "what can I do? Will you tell me your symptoms? You evidently suffer. Will you tell me how? I will exert my utmost skill to relieve you."

"Suffer! Oh, doctor, you think me weak—for you cannot know how I suffer. I have been too proud to complain, but I finally find myself too weak to bear. My mind—my imagination, which I have labored from youth to cultivate, I find is now a tormenting hell.

I advised him to make a full and frank disclosure as the best method of ridding himself of his diseased fancies. At approaching evening, when we had returned to the hotel, and his curtains were again drawn and his lamp lighted, he gave me a seat in an easy chair, while reclining on a sofa he related the following experience of his life:—

"My Cousin George and I were natural antipathies. I always disliked him, and he never manifested a higher regard for me. Our natures were discordant, and could not, under any circumstances, have been made to harmonize. He was proud, imperious, dictatorial—one of those persons made to command. Cultivation had so softened the expression of this disposition that he was called winning and agreeable. Though he had a majestic bearing, he so assumed a conciliating, condescending air, that his manner pleased those whom it certainly did not flatter.

"He was adopted, by my father, before I was born. Being my senior, by five years, his education was in advance of mine. I always felt that he was not only my senior, but my superior in everything. In physical, mental, and moral strength he greatly excelled me. For this I disliked him, while for me I think he cherished a silent contempt. He sometimes attempted to pet and patronize me, which, of course, I resented; and, as he could not consider me his equal, or I regard him as companionable, we remained apart. We were civil in our intercourse with each other—nothing more.

"My father is a successful merchant in an inland town. As soon as George's school-studies were finished, he entered at once, and earnestly, upon assisting my father in his business. He labored faithfully and skillfully for two years, when, wishing to know more of commerce than he could learn there, he went to New York. Here he found favor, and was soon intrusted with a foreign commission, which took him abroad, where he remained three years. When he returned, he entered into a partnership with my father, who was glad of this opportunity of relief from his accumulating cares.

"In the meantime, my college course was also finished, and I was hesitating in commencing the study of a profession. I had decided upon law—but I would not begin its study until winter. The summer and autumn should be given to reading and recreating.

"I need hardly tell you that one of my temperament greatly approved this arrangement. I was very fond of light literature, poetry, romance, travels, and adventures, and many magazine articles owed their existence to my pen.

"My father has a residence a little out of town, which his family always occupy in summer. It is a sylvan, secluded retreat, greatly admired. Here he joined his family every night, while Cousin George only spent his Sabbaths with us.

"I was now very, very happy. It would be impossible to find a situation better adapted to promote the happiness of such an one as I was, than the one I occupied. An only son, at once petted and neglected, seeing no need of much effort, which I was constitutionally averse to making—regarding a profession rather as an accomplishment than a necessary means of support, I looked forward—if I took the trouble to look forward at all—to a life of literary ease and refined pleasures.

"During the month of July following my graduation, I was, as I have said, very happy. I think I never remember another month of my life so full of delicious enjoyment. It may have been caused by the pleasing reaction from college life, for I never liked severe study; it may have been that my more mature and more cultivated mind better appreciated the beautiful gifts of nature among which I dwelt; it may have been the luring precursor of what followed; I hope it was the spontaneous outgushing of a heart comparatively pure, and at peace with God and man, that made Heaven and earth appear so beautiful, and life so like the realization of a pleasing dream.

"I always liked to watch the drifting, floating clouds, marbling the pure blue of Heaven, and the fitful play of light and shade which they produced, chasing each other over the fields of grass and grain, so like things of life and of enjoyment—or to observe the lengthing shadows of approaching sunset stealing over the lawn, gently expanding into a dreamy twilight. Often as I indulged myself in this pleasure, it was always new to me. I in some way ascribed a pleasing consciousness to these shadowy, moving forms—a power to enjoy the scene their forms and motions beautified.

"A clump of poplars, on an elevation of ground near the river-side, under which I have sat or lain for hours and hours so many, drinking in the beauties of earth and sky, seemed to me like the bowers of Paradise. The constant motion of the leaves sifted down just enough of Heaven's golden dust of sunshine—the shadows danced and revelled in light-footed glee to the music of the birds and waters, while sweet-tempered little breezes came over and anon to kiss my brow. Here I would read romance and poem, and write them—dream dreams bright as the sunshine, fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadows.

"When a little more than a month had passed in this manner, my sister returned from school. I was not aware of her coming until, returning late one evening from my favorite retreat by the river-side, having seen all the shadows go by, and the twilight come, I was going up to my room to make preparation for supper, when I met Cousin George coming down.

"'Sister Alice has come,' said he, 'and brought a friend.'

"He always called Alice his sister, and loved her as such; but there was an unusual earnestness in his manner this evening for which I could not account. I made my toilet hastily, but carefully. As I was passing through the hall in approaching the parlor, my sister rushed out, in her impetuous manner, to meet me. We had hardly exchanged greetings, when she said:

"'I have brought home a young lady whom you will care for, brother, if you dare.'

"I received this teasing remark with a secret resolution to prove Alice a false prophet. I knew the point of her remark to be my supposed easy manner of pleasing the ladies, and the light value at which I held this success. But only saying, 'We shall see, sis,' I followed her into the parlor and was presented.

"How, in one moment, my hastily formed resolution vanished! I blundered, like a schoolboy, in trying to express a civil form of welcome. I think it was not her beauty that so smote upon my senses—first thrilling, then paralyzing me—though her beauty was of a high, rich type. She had great splendor of tints, and nobleness and elegance of moulding; but she possessed a presence, a command, a power, that enthralled and held me as by magic.

"Before I entered that room I was fancy-free—exultant, boastful of my power to remain so at will. When I had exchanged greetings with Cora I was a fettered slave.

"My whole life, myself, my aims, my abilities, how poor, and weak, and mean, they all appeared! I seemed to be awakened as from a delusive dream, or to be gifted with another sense. My self-satisfaction, complaisance, confidence, all were gone, and I looked upon my life as insignificant and purposeless. I felt, as her dark, deep eye rested upon me, as though in the presence of a superior being, who read my soul, and pitied or despised me.

"I think Cousin George understood my feelings, and was amused by them. I was so sensitive that I could feel his thoughts, and they stung me keenly. In his misdirected efforts to assist me to overcome my diffidence, he dared to assume toward me a patronizing air. I felt the indignity, but wanting the tact and courage to properly resent it, I must have impressed Cora as being at once weak and morose.

"My cousin appeared to peculiar advantage. His rich olive complexion could never look finer, his dark eye flash more intelligently, his proud lip curve with greater consciousness of strength, or his black, glossy hair wave in more seductive negligence and grace. His towering form seemed to dilate, and, by his condescending manner, he appeared to bestow a benefaction on us all. This manner of courteous condescension he dared to extend even to Cora. But she did not appear to recognize its claims. Her proud, quiet eyes, with their depth of thought and feeling, seemed to defy his downward gaze, and oftener sought the uncertain, flickering glance of my own blue orbs. This gave me courage, and I formed a resolution that though unworthy of the lady, I would measure lances with my audacious cousin.

"Days passed. I had full leisure to devote myself to the ladies. I never felt more chivalric, or more faithfully performed the part of a gallant. No knight of the olden time was more devoted to his lady than I to the magnificent Cora. She rewarded me with her confidence, and was, from the first, affable and easy with me; was always ready to favor me with her company on a ride, walk, or in a social game—and she would talk with me for hours in the most engaging manner; while I had the confidence to look into the depth of her dark eyes and read there volumes of unspoken passion,

and to dream dreams such as angels only might indulge.

"Toward Cousin George she preserved the same manner that I observed on her first evening with us—a quiet and haughty reserve—a turning away, as though she could not brook his arrogance.

"I was exultant. I felt that I must dislike him the more to avenge her injured feelings. But he appeared loftily unconscious of the feelings of either party, and steadily conscious of his merited claims. I almost pitied him.

"Though you may be more deeply learned in the mysteries of woman's heart, do not sneer at me for judging of things as they appeared. With all my boasted knowledge and success I did not understand the alphabet of woman's love. I had no thought, even, of its delicate shrinking from avowal or exposure.

"I was sufficiently humble, however, toward Cora. Though my heart was in the wildest, most tumultuous passion, I never gave it voice. She seemed so infinitely superior to my deservings that my fear repressed the utterance of my love.

"One afternoon I took her to see my favorite haunts by the river side. I told her how much I had enjoyed there, and spoke in a wild, visionary, romantic manner of my plans and hopes. She listened with interest, while a dreamy sadness filled the depth of her dark eyes, in which I sometimes detected the dewy moisture of a tear. Thus encouraged, I resolved that I would, on the morrow, tell her all my passionate love, hoping that she would listen to that, too, at least with toleration.

"The next day, when I sought her, I was told that she had gone to the city. So I went alone to my retreat by the river, to nurse my fancies, and muse on my possible future.

"I paused a moment under the clump of poplars. But that prospect did not suit my present mood. It was too gay for the wild, deep passions that were heaving my heart, and the feverish, delirious dreams they fed.

"I passed on, up the river, to a fine grove of mingled oak and pine, skirted, on the river side, by a thick growth of copsewood, only affording a way for pedestrians to pass along its banks.

"The secluded air of the place, the damp, delicious odor and constant murmuring of the pines, whose dark shadows were only broken by an occasional bar of sunlight, all conspired to heighten my ravished feelings into a delirium of torturing rapture.

"While walking back and forth in one of the aisles of this grove, giving way to feelings thus induced, I heard voices approaching on the river bank. I immediately seated myself on a rock, until they should pass, lest I might be observed and taken for the witless wight that I felt myself to be. Love is quick of discernment, and I recognized a voice—as to also hated, and I recognized another. When they came near they seated themselves on a rock belonging to the same ledge as the one on which I sat, just outside the copse. Their conversation was continued, or, rather, it took the form of a monologue. George was pleading his love in an ardent, manly, earnest manner, the rich tones of his voice so blending with the music of the pines and the waters that I could not but acknowledge the place well chosen for the theme. When he offered Cora his hand—a large, handsome hand—to lead her, as he said, all the way through life, she silently, gently placed her small, white hand in his, and was gathered to his heart.

"George requested that their relation should be kept a secret until he could visit her friends, and definite arrangements be made for their union; to which she quietly assented.

"Why did I sit there and hear them toll the death-knell of my hopes? I do not know. I only know that I was transfixed by the intensity of my feelings, while reason, judgment, propriety, all, were swallowed up in the vortex of passion, hissing and boiling in my heart. When their figures retreated, and I attempted to rise, I fell prostrate on the ground, clutching the grass with my hands, while wave after wave of seething, torturing, maddening agony swept over my soul, and a thousand infernal shapes were hissing me on to vengeance. The air was torrid and murky as the atmosphere of the damned. O, why, in that hour of despair, did I not look upward? A ray of heaven's blessed sunshine might then have penetrated the midnight of my mind. But my passions hurled me down, down to the region of black darkness, and my soul was in thrall to the prince of that realm. Foul, black, malignant resolves came surging through my mind, and settled in my heart—there to remain, a pool of corruption, until all my life should be tainted with its damning influence. The waves of turbid feeling now subsided into the quiet of a fixed fell resolve.

"When I returned to the house, my manner had assumed a calmness which so resembled the calmness of serenity that I quite escaped observation. During the evening I was as attentive to Cora as usual—listened to the tender strains of melody which she seemed to breathe with a new-found pathos—turning the leaves of her music, and even looking into the deep, true mirror of her eyes with the assumed nonchalance of one who understands his *rôle*. I led her out on the piazza, where we took a few turns in the moonlight, when I purposely pitched the key of conversation, on some indifferent theme, in so low a note that I was sure a syllable was not overheard.

"When the ladies had retired, and George was strolling in the grounds, quietly smoking his evening cigar, and musing on—I well knew what—I joined him and asked him to lend me a light, which he did. Drawing a puff from my Havana, I extended my hand to him, saying:

"'Cousin George, allow me to congratulate you.'

"'For what?' said he, stepping back.

"'For your easy success with the fair.'

"'Please explain yourself.'

"'To be explicit, then, I mean your engagement with the fair Cora.'

"Puffing vehemently at his cigar, and then holding it off, while his darkening countenance lowered at it as though it were an instrument of offence, he said:

"'Supposing such an engagement to exist, how are you informed of it?'

"Copying his motion and his manner I replied:

"'Supposing such an engagement to exist, how are you informed of it?'

"'A needless question,' said he, dropping his hand.

"'Exactly,' said I, dropping mine.

"He interpreted me as I intended he should, and I continued:

"'May you long keep and enjoy the prize you have so gallantly won.'

"He was too truthful a nature to attempt a denial. Though his confidence in Cora was shaken, and his mind puzzled, I knew he could never obtain a satisfactory explanation, so I continued:

"'I am glad Cora is to form a permanent part of our society. She will be an important acquisition, especially to a poor devil like me, who has more talent to win than to hold.'

"I could see by the moonlight that George's countenance darkened. I felt gratified with this result of my bantering, and added:

"'Joy to you, dear cousin mine, I am indebted to you. Good-night.'

"On the following Monday Cora left us for her home. My cousin soon brought her back, his bride. She was warmly welcomed by society both as an accomplished lady and as the wife of one of our most esteemed citizens.

"None were ahead of me in their greeting. With what malicious pleasure I now hugged and nourished my fiendish designs! The lofty Cora and George should suffer for their obnoxious pride, as surely as it could be made an instrument to this end. It was evident that both felt a contempt for me. They each should be made to transfer that feeling to the other.

"I was most industrious in paying her every delicate attention—never obtrusively or improperly, but with an untiring assiduity worthy of a better motive. I was careful that while these attentions should indicate the devotion of my heart, they should be offered in such a manner that they could not, in politeness, be refused. She received them graciously, as coming from a friend and adopted brother of her husband, respecting the chivalrous and romantic feeling by which she believed them to be prompted. We had, as formerly, many thoughts and feelings in common. Like myself, she was a creature of deep passion, fancy, and impulse. There were under-currents of poetry and romance in her nature, which I knew well how to sound, but of whose existence she was not herself aware. Though she evidently disrespected my weakness, as contrasted with the stern strength of her husband, she enjoyed a quiet interchange of sentiment, and was often glad of little attentions which he neglected to bestow. While thus enjoying the confidence of Cora, I caused a pusillanimous accomplice to whisper strange suspicions in the ear of her husband.

"I watched and gloated over the effect of my stratagem upon George. I knew his proud heart would break before he would breathe one word. I saw that the silent contempt in his stern eye, when fixed upon me, did not always vanish when turned upon her. With what a relish I observed this, the Fiend of Darkness knows.

"On one fine Indian Summer day, I made her a call, as it was often my custom. The low French windows of her sitting-room were open, and the atmosphere was dreamy and delicious. I saw her husband leisurely coming up the walk, and observed that while she was so situated that she would not see him, he had a full side view of her. Feigning not to be aware of his approach, I arose and extended my hand to her, saying, in a distinct voice:

"'Dear Cora, I shall not call on you again, for reasons which you must know. But we will love each other when we meet—*in Heaven*,' I whispered as I touched my lips to her hand.

"'Certainly,' she replied with surprised emphasis, and I plaintively added that she might not fail to understand my insinuation, 'There will be no *husbands* there.'

"Assured that George had heard and seen what I intended he should, I passed out, meeting him with a surprised recognition. I saw by his countenance that he was aroused, and I was apprehensive of an invitation to pistols. But he did not do me the honor.

"I knew that while her proud heart would scorn his jealousy, and her innocence resent the wrong, the injury thus done her, her ardent woman's nature must sink under his early want of love and confidence, and that either would suffer death rather than ask or make one word of explanation.

"I now anxiously watched, at a little distance, the effect of my plot. With what satisfaction I observed that his proud bearing became daily more unbending, and the fire in his eye more intense, while her rich tints faded, and her queenly step and silver tones vainly attempted not to falter. It was said that our cold northern climate was not congenial to her warm southern blood. But I knew that the domestic atmosphere in which she dwelt was colder yet, and that a chill was gathering around her heart. I seldom approached her now, but she would sometimes turn on me her large, melancholy eyes, full of beseeching agony.

"Before the gay season had passed she was missed from society—all the beautiful springtime she languished, and, with the breath of its flowers, her young, blighted life exhaled away from earth.

"I followed her to the grave. There was such a sky as there has been to-day—thick mottled with drifts of floating cloud. My unrelenting heart enjoyed her husband's silent agony. My revenge was now complete.

"As the man of God proceeded to read those solemn words of the burial-service, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' a cloud-shadow, passing over the grave, seemed to gather itself up into the exact form of the departed Cora, and, with great, melancholy eyes, full of the old, beseeching agony, to move toward me—passing on, and lingering, as I thought, just behind me, until I had assured myself, by looking back, that it was gone. This was thrice repeated during the short time occupied by the reading; and when we turned to leave the grave, I was in an agony equal to anything the husband could have suffered. I thought, now, to escape. But no. Every moving shadow on which my attention rested for a moment, assumed the same form and look, and seemed trying to come near me, and make me understand. Chased by these shadowy phantoms, I hastened to the grove of pine and oak by the river—the place where my agony had first given birth to my malice and revenge—to reassure myself, and strengthen my heart against these tormenting, and, as I thought, weak and childish fancies of a sickly, morbid, and relaxed brain. My agony returned fourfold. While it was then the suffering of a sensitive, disappointed, and crushed heart, feeding itself on malignant resolutions to gain a strength to endure its tortures, it was now the inexorable, grim, tormenting remorse, without the strength to act, or the power to choose. In a depth of despair, to which my former state were bliss, I saw the same infernal shapes grinning and jeering at me. The murmuring of the pines was the wailing of the damned—the rolling of the waters the surging of the billows of hell. How long I remained in this state I do not know, but when I arose I saw, in the lengthening shadows, Cora, extending her arms toward me imploringly, and, as twilight settled, her melancholy, beseeching eyes gathered everywhere in the gloaming.

"This afternoon's experience every succeeding day has brought. When in a thoughtful, observant mood, every shadow is a haunting spirit. Even in my favorite poplar grove, each flickering shadow is a dancing imp, with grinning grimaces.

"I find everything in nature that I loved has changed its character and appearance. The flowers all speak of her in language not to be mistaken. The stars, as they come up, one by one, and take their places in the sky, look down upon me with their cold, fixed eyes, and question me of her. The rising mists of morning in some way roll themselves up so as to assume her form—the gathering shades of evening seem like her visible presence brooding over all things. Even in prospective I am tormented. I see and hear in the changing, rustling leaves of Autumn, the fiery tongues of serpents hissing at me—then the gaunt shadows of the denuded trees are lashed into fury, by the swaying October winds, and the howling blasts of winter are the frenzied shrieks of tormenting spirits fiercely resolved on vengeance. Even when in the halls of memory I ring the chimes of lang syne, of a period long before her shadow fell across my path, they toll of her in sounds solemn and mournful.

"The poems that I read all now chant of her—the pages of the novelist tell her story—the whole range of literature is infused with her character and life. Every human form bears her resemblance—every human voice speaks in her tones.

"In the frenzy of suffering I went to my cousin and confessed my sin. He only said: 'May God forgive you, Edward, *I* never shall,' and soon started for a foreign land, which, however he never reached, as he suffered shipwreck. A welcome fate, doubtless."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'UARY 4, 1865.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of Posts, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The present high price of paper will compel us to retrench our exchange list as much as possible. If we should happen to stop sending our paper to any publishers who are entitled to it, they will oblige us very much by informing us by letter of the mistake.

SKATING.

We have seen accounts of several bad results from skating during the present winter. This of course is no more an argument against skating, than the usual per centage of accidents to pedestrians and equestrians is against the practices of walking and riding. The ancients tell of a reverend man who was killed while sitting just outside the door of his cottage—a large bird, mistaking his bald and shining crown for a flat stone, allowing an oyster to drop upon it, in order to crack the shell. Sitting at the door, however, is not to be condemned on this account. It is only when the per centage of injuries rises to such a height as to balance or outweigh the probable advantages of a custom, that such injurious results become a sound argument against the custom itself.

The per centage of injuries from skating, as from other practices, should be reduced to its lowest possible limits by the exercise of common sense and good judgment. Thus we read of an occurrence like the following with some degree of wonder:—

"A young man of West Brandywine, Chester county, Pa., was out skating last week, and upon taking off his skates, after an hour or two of exercise, found his legs and feet so completely paralyzed as to be unable to rise from the pond on which he had seated himself to unbuckle his skates. Assistance being obtained, he was taken home, but never recovered from the effects of the paralysis—dying in a few days. This paralysis of the lower limbs was no doubt occasioned by his skates having been drawn so tightly as to prevent the circulation of the blood—a matter which skaters should be careful to guard against."

If the above account be correct, it would seem to argue some constitutional tendency to paralysis on the part of the sufferer. We have known hundreds of cases where boys have skated for hours with the straps drawn so tightly as to impede circulation, but we never knew of paralysis or anything else of a serious character following. We have known the feet to ache almost beyond endurance for a time after the skates were taken off, and then to become "burning hot," but that was all. We may add that it is well understood by old skaters, that the proper mode to be pursued when the feet become very cold or painful, owing to tight strapping and the consequent retardance of circulation, is to take off the skates and to stamp around for a while. Even simply loosening the straps will often restore the natural circulation.

There was an unhappy case the other day, in this city, where a lady having fallen, and lying with her arms extended on the ice, had several of her fingers nearly if not quite cut off by the skates of a gentleman who was passing at great speed. Several ladies and children also have been run against by gentlemen who were skating backward, and considerably injured.

While it is hardly possible that all such accidents can be prevented, we may be allowed to say that the only wonder is that they are not three times as numerous, considering the foolish behavior of certain individuals. Skating rapidly backwards in the midst of a crowded park, especially one thronged with ladies and children, who are mere novices in the art, and know not how to avoid a collision, is an evidence of exceeding want of prudence. And if this be objectionable, more objectionable still is the playing of "tag," "prisoner's base," "shinney," and similar games at such places. We would suggest to the owners and managers of all skating parks, to give public notice that such games cannot be permitted, nor any rapid, furious skating. If a skater wishes to "run a muck," let him choose a less crowded place than a skating park. These parks are for learners, for ladies and children, and for graceful and elegant skating—not for anything of a furious or rowdy character.

With everything well regulated on our city parks, the practice of skating will be productive of a high degree of pleasure, and of physical, and we may add mental and spiritual, benefit. Accidents of course there will be, but nothing like the proportion which accompanies both riding and driving. The severe cold of winter, instead of being dreaded, will be even longed for, and positively regretted as it passes away. Strength, health and grace will all be promoted, and the women of America, instead of beginning to fade at twenty five and thirty, as so many do, will bloom and enchant into the forties and the fifties. Success, therefore, to the beautiful and graceful art of skating—one which Diana and Venus would alike commend; and may it take its place with dancing, swimming and riding in the estimation of all who like breadth of culture and harmony of development.

POETRY.—It is utterly impossible for us to publish in THE POST all the poetry that is sent to us. We try to publish the best that we receive. Occasionally a very defective rhyme, or other unpardonable imperfection, will cause us regretfully to lay aside an otherwise excellent poem. But we have not time, as a general thing, either to correct such imperfections ourselves, or to send them back to the authors for correction; therefore let every contributor look to his rhymes, and to the length of his lines, carefully, before sending his poem for publication. And always keep copies of what is sent, because we cannot accept the burden of returning articles.

☞ Ah, if only the mellow-minded matron could preserve the shining skin of youth! but still this mellowness accompanies decay. If a woman could but be beautiful without, when the mind has individualized within, when she can talk from her own experience, not from her mamma's, and is qualified to hold an unreflected opinion, because she has had her own suffering, her own genuine loves and aversions, ay, and her chastening disappointments,—those gray tints in the landscape, without which all is glare and vulgarity,—what an enchantress should we have! nothing could withstand her. But with the mind of the siren come the wrinkles and the gray hairs to save us.

☞ A nervous old lady in Paris, who lately died, in her lifetime never dared to cross the crowded streets on foot. She left in her will a large sum to establish wheeled ferry-boats to cross the streams of travel. Of course this would create a terrible confusion, and, so the story runs, ingenuity is now taxed to carry out the object of the testatrix in some practical way, like the use of suspension-bridges.

☞ Some curious facts have been disclosed by statistics furnished by the Sanitary Commission, which body has caused measurements to be made on an extensive scale in our armies, and among rebel prisoners. It appears that Southern soldiers average one inch more in stature than Northern troops, but one less in girth and in cranial measurement. Five per cent. of the rebel prisoners were of foreign birth, and twenty per cent. of Union soldiers were foreigners.

☞ The great Glastenbury grindstone case is decided. It was a case of a contested grindstone, worth, possibly $6, and the expenses of litigation are $300 or $400! Charles Shipman, of Glastenbury, Ct., sued Hudson Alger, of the same town, in an action of trover, for the recovery of the value of a grindstone which Alger had purchased of Shipman's son. The case was appealed by Alger from a Justice's decision, in which Shipman had been awarded five dollars—Shipman claiming that his son never owned the grindstone. Now the decision is again for Shipman, who is awarded six dollars.

☞ Great excitement was recently caused at Paris, by a young man who ran along the street, scattering gold coins from a small wooden bowl which he carried in his hand, at the same time crying out, "Here is money for those who want it!" People at first thought he was mad, but cries of "Stop thief!" being heard in the distance, he was arrested by two sergeants de ville. It was soon ascertained that he had broken with a blow of his fist the plate-glass window of a money-changer, and stole a bowl containing about two hundred Napoleons. The thief had evidently been studying the fable of Atalanta.

☞ About fifteen miles above St. Joseph, near the Missouri river, an extensive bed of very peculiar clay has been discovered. When first taken out it can be easily cut into any shape desired, and a surface made as smooth as glass. In a few hours it hardens, becomes firm as a rock, and has a whiteness equal to snow. In Texas and Utah this kind of clay is used for building purposes, and is exceedingly beautiful.

☞ A Savannah belle stepped off the sidewalk the other day, with a pouting expression, to avoid walking under an American flag which hung in front of an officer's headquarters. Gen. Geary, military commandant of the city, immediately gave orders to have her promenade back and forth under the hateful symbol for an hour, as a warning for similar offenders.

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Black.

As white is the symbol of absolute truth, black must be that of error, of sheer vacuity, of that which is not. God alone possesses existence in Himself; the world is an emanation from His thought; white reflects every ray of light, black is its negation. It has been attributed to the author of all evil and falsity.

The Book of Genesis and various cosmogonies mention the combats of light against darkness, the form of the allegory differing somewhat, according to the genius of the several nations, but the foundation has always remained the same. The materialistic school sees in these traditions the emblems of the periodical return of summer and winter; of day and night; in other words, the contest of heat against cold, and of light against darkness.

To die, says Plutarch, is to be initiated into great mysteries. In like manner, a passage of Themistius cited by Stobæus, teaches us that the mysteries were the image of life and death. The first degree of initiation was entered by baptism, the symbol of death and regeneration. In the Egyptian Cosmogony, as in Genesis, the dark primitive waters made productive by light, gave birth to the world. In the mysteries of Egypt, again, as in all others, the ceremonies of initiation were performed during the night. In the Isis, says Sainte Croix, the recipient was first conducted to a bath, and purified by certain ablutions. This was succeeded by a fast of ten days—after which he was clothed in a coarse, white garment, and introduced by the priests into the most retired parts of the sanctuary.

In China, black is the symbol of Winter, of the North, and of Water. Homer applied black as an epithet to the sea; and they sacrificed black bulls to Neptune. The spiritual struggle which every regenerate soul must undergo is inscribed in the wars of the gods and giants. Jupiter could not conquer these children of darkness without the aid of Hercules—the hero who played the part of the Neophyte, as is evident from his twelve labors in which a complete course of regeneration is depicted.

The divinity invoked by the convert was Moral Beauty, at first clothed with a robe of mourning, which was soon changed for shining vestments. This divinity in Egypt is the black Isis and the black Athor, having, like the Greek Venus, a dove for its emblem.* In Greece it is the Melænean Aphrodite, or black Venus. Athor was the passive principle, the symbol of chaos and night, in which Nature was enveloped before the Creation. Orpheus, or Onomacritus, who derived his inspiration from the traditions of Egypt, exclaims: "I sing of the night, mother of gods and men."† From the night originates every created thing, and we call her Venus.

Black being the symbol of everything evil and false, how then did this color become consecrated to divinities characterized by their relation to the good and true? Why, for example, is Chrishna, the most beautiful of the gods of India, partly black, and why are Osiris and Isis, the benefactors of Egypt, black?‡ There can be but one reply: the beneficent deities descended into the kingdom of darkness to gather and regenerate men, and make them their own. In the Egyptian sacrifices, if a single black hair was discovered upon the victim, it was reputed unclean. The Levitical law commanded the Israelites to offer unblemished sacrifices to the Eternal. The material sacrifice was an emblem of the spiritual; the regenerate being required to sacrifice their carnal passions, an oblation which ought to be so complete as to leave the soul free from spot or blemish. The divinity who presides over this heavenly operation takes upon himself apparently the iniquities of sinners, and absolves them by wearing the robe of death. M. Portal demonstrates the perfect identity which exists between these myths and Christian symbolism, thus:

"The illuminators of the middle ages, represent Jesus Christ clothed in black during the struggle against the spirit of evil; and the Virgin Mary was frequently represented with a black face in the Byzantine pictures of the twelfth century, which are falsely ascribed to St. Luke.‡ Mary is the symbol of the Christian Church; her black face, like the color of Athor, of Ceres, and of Venus Aphrodite, indicates the stage preceding regeneration or the conflict of the church with the spirit of darkness."

Evil has always been the signification of black in the popular acceptation of the symbol. The Genesis of the Persians (Boun-Dehesch,) relates that the first man and woman deceived by Ahrimanes, fell by the temptation, and subsequently covered themselves with black garments. Thus mourning by means of this color, is connected with the most ancient religious traditions. In Egypt, according to Horapollo, a black dove was the heiroglyph of the woman who remained a widow to the end of her life. Among the Greeks, black represented the soul's anguish. It was a crow that acquainted Apollo with the infidelity of his mistress, and as a messenger of woe, was changed to black from a pure white.

"Among the Athenians," says Court de Gebelin, "as among ourselves, black is the color of affliction, white of innocence, purity and joy." Their vessels of atonement, sent every year, to Crete first, afterwards to Delos, had black sails on their departure, white on their return, evidently symbolical of the mind's gloom and sunshine—of grief succeeded by joy. Ægeus cast himself in despair into the sea, failing to discover this sign of his son's happy return from his adventure against the Minotaur, the vessel coming in sight with black sails through the neglect of Theseus. The Greeks mourned in black. Pericles on his death-bed felicitated himself on never having caused a citizen of Athens to wear this color. Among the Moors black designates grief, despair, obscurity and constancy. In Heraldry it signifies prudence, wisdom and constancy in distress and under adverse circumstances.

E. Z. S.

* Creuzer, *Religions de l'Antiquité*, lib. vi., chap v., p 636.

† Plutarch.

‡ (Anon): *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, tom. ii, p 10.

☞ A tavern keeper in England, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them:—"He is the most regular man in Harwick; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on Sunday. It is a grand thing to be punctual."

☞ He was a much disgusted and very desperate man who desired to "swap himself for a dog and then kill the animal."

Crinoline and Skates.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ORADON.

Of course I skate. Who does not? All Christendom, where ice exists, has erected to itself a new idol, and bows down and worships it; romantic poets chant its praises, grave editors notice it from the tripod. Every shop window offers skates for sale. Every street-car bears its placard announcing that the water at ——— Park is congealed into that translucent, glib and useful article known as "ice." You meet a fair friend on a rainy day and her face is as sombre as the leaden clouds above you. When interrogated, she mutters forth:—"No skating to-day. And just to think, I was learning yesterday the forward roll on the outside edge, and had anticipated making great progress to-day, when rising early this morning, *c'est à dire* at ten o'clock, I heard this wretched splash, splash." To offer consolation in such a sad case would be useless. You can but bow and pass on.

I learned to skate early in boyhood, but neither on the treacherous surface of the frozen river nor within the precincts of a park, but, as many deep thinkers have learned their philosophy, in the *public* highways, or in the narrow limits of a "slide" extemporized in a city garden. Years had passed since I had bound a skate to my foot, when, not many months ago, in order to keep up with the age, I again essayed the practice of an art in which I had formerly taken great delight. Ideas acquired in early years are slow to depart, and it was not many hours before I had regained whatever little proficiency had belonged to my former self. This winter the passion for skating raging with new vigor, I have been forced, even at the sacrifice of other interests, to occasionally pass an hour at these enclosures, where beauty and grace do most predominate, the skating parks. Will you accompany Diedrick Meerschaum and me on such a visit, dear reader, and if I do not accurately describe the scenes visible thereat, try it yourself, and I will guarantee that, if your description excel's mine, the gentlemen who preside over the interests of THE POST will admit your articles to a place in its columns.

Mrs. Glass's famous receipt for cooking a fish commenced "First catch your fish," and, unfortunately, to enjoy skating it is first necessary to arrive at the park. This may be done by riding in a carriage, which is luxurious and expensive, by walking which is healthful and tiresome, and by standing in a car, packed to double its legitimate capacity, which is tedious and inconvenient, but not without redeeming features. People are merry when associated together in difficulties, and the wit that circulates among the enthusiastic skaters, who are crowded together like salted herrings, serves to dispel the misery of the situation. Ever and anon the door opens and the conductor exclaims "Make room for one more lady in there." The room is made, and the car moves off to be stopped at the next corner by a bevy of beautiful suppliants for admission. The conductor is not so hard-hearted as to refuse a few extra fares—no pun is intended, reader—and room is made. Who will invent an India-rubber car?

Let us leap the interval between arriving at the terminus of the railroad, and standing on the polished surface of the pond. I do not wish to linger on the disagreeable walk across a rickety bridge, nor the perilous descent of a flight of slippery stairs, nor the scene in the hot apartment where hundreds are adjusting their skates. Diedrick and I passed safely through this purgatory, which lies at the threshold of the skating elysium. As we enter on the view of the park, the eye is dazzled with the beauty of the scene. A thousand of both sexes are skating on the ice.

It may be said of the ladies, as it was said of Oliver Goldsmith, that they touch nothing that they do not adorn. It would be folly for even the most stoical bachelor, to deny that they possess charms which nature has denied to the sterner sex. Wherever they are beauty attends them. Like Ik. Marvel, to whose eyes the Roman girl, Enrica, was more charming in each costume of the carnival than in that which she last had worn, so we passively submit to all their eccentricities of dress, and believe each absurdity of fashion to be a new beautifier. So at present. I have seen girlhood in the early hours of morning among the flowers, a rose in the hair, wearing a simple white dress, and I have bowed in homage before the beauty which shone in the eye, and blushed in the cheek tinted by the pencil of nature. I have seen her on horseback, at full gallop, with all the concomitants of close-fitting habit, plumed hat, and gauntlets, and have thought that the steed must be of noble race who was worthy to bear so lovely a burden. I have seen her at the opera, when the coiffeur had exhausted the resources of his art in braiding her massive locks into a coronet to gird her brow, when the costly brooch glitters on her breast, and the white satin cloak is thrown with a designed negligence back from the shoulders just visible beneath their gauzy covering; when a delicately gloved hand, attached to a slender gold-encircled wrist, waves to and fro in time with the aria which a Brignoli is breathing forth, and I have said "oh, beautiful nature how much more beautiful thou becomest when assisted by art."

Then again in the promenade or dance of the evening party I have seen another phase of beauty; beauty set off by jewels, and, too oft, by cosmetics, where you are bewildered by the rustling silks and airy tissues. But do you wish to see the perfection of female beauty? If so, you must come when the thermometer is below thirty-two and the Enricas of Philadelphia are on the ice.

Belles of New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago, do not throw down the paper in disgust because I, a Philadelphian, praise, as I am in duty bound to do, the Philadelphia girls. We are of Quaker descent here, and the quiet beauty which characterizes the Quakers, has found its way into the faces of our belles. They thus possess a loveliness of countenance and a gentleness of manner which entitle them to a reputation as decided as that which the Philadelphia lawyers possess. I will not discuss this question now, but if any fair reader of the Post, out of Philadelphia, imagines that Oradon, in the blindness of his affection for the flowers of his own *parterre*, does injustice to her own charms, let her send her photograph to the Editor of the *Post*, who shall judge between us. On some other occasion I shall endeavor to vindicate the idiosyncrasies of Philadelphia beauties.

There she stands—this paragon of beauty on ice. Let us say that she is eighteen. Her struggling hair is confined by a jockey cap, on which, according to taste, is a modest bow of ribbon, a pheasant's wing, or a fox's tail; an embroidered white scarf guards the beautiful throat from the wind; the lithe, exquisite figure (not to be analyzed) is encased by the conventional cloth coat; the dress descends with a graceful sweep around a moderate hoop until it is looped up just in time to display the parti-colored balmoral, which is far enough from the ice to afford a glimpse of the neat ankle and a full view of the skated boot. There she stands, her face glowing with the exercise from which she has just ceased, her eyes beaming with pleasure, her head erect, and her whole *pose* that of one who is master of a most agreeable situation. But lo! she moves. Who now can do justice to her charms? Skating is a science of curves which abhors angles, but where is the mathematician who can reduce to a system of co-ordinates the hyperbolas, parabolas, and circles which our fair skater describes on the plane of the ice? Look at her as she sports along, in very glee varying her even course by the most eccentric vagaries. Now she swoops to the right on a roll, balancing the other foot with a nicety which Blondin might envy when he plays with Death above the stupendous fall of Niagara. The head and shoulders are thrown slightly forward preparatory to another movement, and as she rests for a second in that position, she recalls all that is beautiful in art, or sublime in your fireside conceptions of female grace and loveliness.

One of these winged-footed houris, ere I was aware of it, was standing at my side.

"Give me your hand," said she, after we had exchanged compliments.

"Most assuredly," responded I, "and my heart also, if you will accept it."

She laughed a pretty little chirping laugh—a laugh which made me feel uncomfortable, I knew not why, and then replied—

"Your heart. Oh, fie! Do you think that I have forgotten your flirtation last summer with Sylvia, your desperate attentions this fall to Olivia, and your scandalous treatment of poor Nydia, who must have been as blind as the girl of Pompeii, not to see that your feigned affection was about as thick as ice made at thirty-three Fahrenheit?"

"Nay, my dear Enrica, these were but juvenile follies, it was to you that I have ever looked with sincere regard."

"Hush. Let us not waste this glorious afternoon in silly talk. Give me your hand."

I passively gave it to her, and away we went on the forward roll, over firm ice, amidst crowds of beauty, the band playing all the while one of those dreamy Strauss waltzes which woo the soul into an almost ethereal trance. We passed scores of mutual acquaintances, and as we bowed I could see undisguised pity depicted on the countenances of those who thought that at last I was taken in the charmer's toils. As we sped on, I catching an occasional glance at her eye, I thought of the verse,

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor."

Reader, have you wound an armor of triple brass or steel around your breast? If you have not, eschew skating parks.

The time was passing rapidly away, but I did not tire of my companion. I gave a few furtive looks for Diedrick, and at last I found him, surrounded by an admiring crowd, performing what is technically called High Dutch. He cut circles forward; he cut circles backward; he distended one foot in the air, and spun around on the other, keeping time to the music. He waltzed. In short, he did everything possible to be done on skates, and all with a nonchalance admirable to view. Handsome fellow that he is, is it wonderful that he should have won the affections of that almost angelic specimen of womanhood, May Thorne? Diedrick exchanged a knowing glance with me, bowed to my fair companion, and then resumed his glacial gymnastics.

The sun sunk low in the horizon, and his purple and gold rays were reflected by the surface of the ice and the polished steel of the skates. All pleasures have their end.

As you stand on the platform at evening, and watch the scores of young ladies come tottering along its boards with uncertain steps, oft panting from the exertion of the farewell skate, you cannot but acknowledge that skating is a good thing for our day and generation.

You reach home, obtain some refreshment, and then sit down by the fireside and ruminate over what you have seen and heard. And it is not unlikely that in the foreground of the picture which your imagination conjures up, stands the beautiful form of Enrica, and if you are musically inclined, you open the piano, and after a prelude, suggestive of tender emotions, you break forth into the song—

"Her bright smile haunts me still."

French Sayings.

The following are extracts from *L'Autographe*:—"The friends of the wicked are always cowards."—*Dumanoir*, the dramatist. "France asks but for three things—Novelty, novelty, and novelty!"—*Cormenin*. "The talent we aspire to spoils that we have."—*The Prince de la Moskowa*. "Photography is to nature what street-organs are to music."—*Anais Fargeuil*. "What woman is that who knows not what she says? She who swears that she will never love, or that she will love for ever."—*Charles Brifaut*. "Man is an intelligent creature embarrassed by his organization."—*Pastoret*. "I know that flattery is flattery, but I like it all the same."—*Bixio*. "When I love, I love to be loved as I love."—*Sophie Cruvelli*. "The pen is slower than the breath of inspiration, as the sails of a ship are slower than the wind."—*Petit Senn*. "Journalism leads to nothing. It hinders long-study and carefully-considered work. Beware of it! It is an abyss that swallows up the strongest organizations. I know men of genius whom it has converted into mere beast of burden."—*Gustave Flaubert*.

☞ The rebels, who at first claimed all the generalship, have now discovered that they have but two good Generals in their army—Lee and Johnston. They are disgusted with Hood, and have found out that Kirby Smith is by no means the great General they took him to be. They can't show a quintet of generals equal to Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Canby.

☞ Permits have been granted, it is said, by the Government to certain parties to cut cypress and yellow pine lumber in the state of Georgia. There is a very great demand for these kinds of lumber in the country at this time.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

SPLENDID CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS:

Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. E. S. Randolph, Vir'a. F. Townsend, C. M. Trowbridge, Mrs. Mar't. Hosmer, Beatrice Colonna, Frances Lee, Mrs. Anna Bache, Anna L. G——, Charles Morris, Julia Gill, Emma B. Ripley, Mrs. M. A. Denison, Clara Augusta, Mrs. L. J. Rittenhouse, August Bell, Harris Byrne, Bella St. Auryn, Mary J. Allen, Helen M. Pratt, Maggie C. Hoey, Lucinda B. Browne, M. C. Pyle, "Aunt Alice," Carrie E. Meyer, Mrs. F. M. Tucker, F. Malone Raymond, Frances H. Sheffield, Mrs. L. D. Shears, Caroline A. Bell, Annie F. Kent, Minnie W. May, George W. Bungay, Arthur Hampton, Sarah Tyler, Phila. H. Case, Edwin R. Martin, Mrs. James ——, Sophie May, Mrs. S. Z. Spencer, Mattie Dyer Smith, Annie Russell, Miss A. L. Mukerry, Sara J. Rumsey, Clara Doty, Harriet W. Stillman, T. J. Chambers, Barbara Brandt, Olive E. Payne, P. H. Staeffer, Ida Mason, and other talented writers

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL FANCY ENGRAVING and a SUPERB COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Patterns, &c., too numerous to detail.

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2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on those subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The Magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their Magazines at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight*.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen years*—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies,		4.00
Four copies,		8.00
Eight copies,	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one of* THE POST,		4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

"Gor."—The word *got* is often used superfluously and incorrectly in familiar expressions. When, in reply to "Lend me a shilling," you say, "I've *got* no money," you simply say what you do not mean. Omit the *got*, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a bad cold," is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but if you merely wish to say, as you probably do, that you are suffering under a cold, "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here *got* is an interloper, for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to town to-morrow." Here got is redundant and incorrect. "I have to go" expresses the idea.

☞ At Carbondale, Illinois, there are three cotton gins in operation, and all have been busy since the beginning of the season. Three hundred bales have been pressed there and sent to market, all from the vicinity. Other gins are at work in the country.

☞ The winter in Europe has been very severe. The Seine and the Loire have been frozen over, and the railways clogged with three feet of snow. It required a garrison of soldiers to relieve the passengers.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

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2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order*.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

Ebonite.

This is used in making some of the cheaper kinds of bijouterie. It is a manufacture of India-rubber and sulphur, heated till it becomes hard and solid, without losing its elastic properties altogether. It is as light and almost as brilliant as the best jet, but not brittle, and may be thrown down with impunity. Chains in fashionable patterns for mourning, both for ladies and gentlemen, bracelets, combs, paper-knives, &c., are made of it, and the cost is much less than that of jet.

PRIZE MONEY.—The law regulating prize money applicable to the case of the crew of the Kearsarge, gives two hundred dollars a head for each person on board the Alabama. This will give the crew a little over thirty thousand dollars. Had the Alabama been brought into port, and not sunk, the whole value of her, by the prize law, would have belonged to the crew, which, as she cost fifty-eight thousand pounds, would be nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It will be seen by this that it is rather a losing business to Jack to sink ships at sea, and when he learns the recent law made, he will be reading it that he must put his shot in above the water line, and never below. We learn that the amount raised to be equally divided among the crew and officers of the Kearsarge, is something less than twenty thousand dollars in New York, and about eight thousand dollars in Boston. The crew had a letter read to them when in the channel, from the Secretary of the Navy, that it was the intention of the President to ask Congress to appropriate a sum equal to the full value of the Alabama for distribution as prize money, as it was judged that the service rendered to the country fully warranted it.

☞ A lemonless Irishman was observed one evening slicing a potato into a hot whiskey toddy. "Why, what are you about?" inquired Charley. "It's punch I'm makin', dear!" quietly replied Pat. "But why are you slicing that in for?" "To give it a flavor." "What! a potato flavor?" "Sure, and isn't a flavor a flavor, whether it's lemon or pitety?"

LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman, according to a dispatch in the Richmond Whig, of the 27th, is moving on Augusta, by way of Blakesville, S. C. Gen. Hill commands the district of Georgia, and has ordered the removal of all the cotton and the machinery of the powder mills at Augusta.

Gen. Sherman's advance, according to a Beaufort correspondent of the 25th, is at Salkahatchie, midway between Charleston and Savannah. A considerable rebel force is at Ashepoo, and reinforcements have been sent to Branchville. Guns have also been sent there from Charleston. Deserters report that Charleston is to be evacuated, and the rebels are removing heavy guns from James and Sullivan's Islands.

The rebel gunboats have all returned up James river. There is now gunboat and ironclad force sufficient to take care of a repetition of the expedition.

A Federal force of cavalry and infantry is reported to be moving up the Chowan river, in North Carolina, in the direction of Wilmington.

Lee, it is rumored in Richmond, has been appointed commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, and Joe Johnston has been assigned to the command of the army of North Virginia.

Texas advices, via New Orleans, report that Mejia, commanding at Matamoras, had permitted the rebels to cross at Brownsville and conscript Union refugees. Refugees from Galveston report great suffering there for fuel.

☞ The late King of Prussia once sent to an aid-de-camp, Colonel Malachowki, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns; some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel, "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience." The King smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it:—"This book is complete in two volumes."

☞ HOW SOME FRENCHMEN EARN A LIVING.—Necessity—the mother of invention—has been fertile in expedients in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. There is the maggot-breeder for the fishermen of the Seine; the money-lender who charges cent. per cent. by lending from sunrise to sunset; the poor *rentillonne*, who goes from house to house, through the winter nights, to waken sleepers who must be at the markets; and there is the "guardian angel," whose business consists in seeing drunkards home from the wine shops, at the rate of ten sous per drunkard! Behind all these quaint bread-winners, there are crowds of men and women, who depend on public or private charity.

☞ CARRIAGE FOOT-WARMER.—This consists of a box, lined with felt, and covered with a stuffed lid. A tin vessel is made to fit the box, the inside of which is filled with boiling water, and the heat comes through the soft lid, thus imparting a delightful warmth to the feet when the box is in use. There is a small opening at the top of the tin vessel, through which the water may be easily poured in and out, and the hole is securely shut by means of a brass screw.

☞ SOMETHING DESIRABLE.—A new material, protected by a patent, has been introduced for ladies' petticoats. It is presented as a rival to the eider-down, and will, we believe, be offered at half the price, though it promises to induce equal warmth, and not to be more weighty than the costlier material. It is manufactured from cuttings of new silk, which are torn and beaten into the softest wadding, called silk-down. Silk being a non-conductor, it is said to possess six times the warmth of cotton-wadding, and three times that of flannel, so that one of these petticoats is to be considered equal to three flannels. It will be quite a boon to invalids, and indeed to most ladies, the fashion of crinolines necessitating the provision of a warm underskirt. This material—the silk-down—has been applied to bed coverings, and was much in favor with Miss Nightingale for the use of her patients, as it procured warmth for her invalids without the oppressive weight of ordinary blankets, which sick persons can so ill sustain.

☞ Thackeray, when in the United States, meeting a western man who had been in England, asked him how he liked that country. "Very well in the day time," was the reply. "Why, what is the matter with it in the night?" "Oh, I never dared to go out in England in the night, for fear I should step off the edge!"

My mother, she tells me—
"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."
But why are they red, then?
White lips would answer for speaking as well;
And why has she said, then—
"*Only* for speaking?" O! who can tell
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what, but to speak with, can my mouth be?

☞ A flourishing and estimable charity in Portland is called "The Widow's Wood Society." But can it be possible that there are any widows in that city who wouldn't?

☞ The Taunton Gazette says, at a recent church fair a set of *Cooper's* works were promised to him who should answer a set of conundrums. The winner received a set of *wooden pails*.

☞ At Fort Fisher, a Yankee captain, with five men, captured 150 of the North Carolina Junior Reserves, and marched them into our lines, carrying their own arms, loaded and capped! This is the rebel account of the affair.

☞ The word "toad-eater" comes from the Dutch *dood-eter* or dead eater—a fellow who, to use another Dutch expression, "eats one's clothes from off one's body."

☞ The London Times of the 4th inst. says: "We are authorized to state that there is no foundation whatever for the statement that her Royal Highness the Princess Mary has recently contracted a matrimonial alliance. So long as a similar report was circulated as a mere rumor, we thought it too absurd to require notice; but now that it has been confidently asserted as a fact, we feel it our duty to meet it with an explicit contradiction.

☞ It is asserted that a photographer who has been employed by the Dutch Government, to take views of the most beautiful points on the island of Java, has discovered an entire city buried beneath the lava of a volcano close by, which has been extinct for several centuries. If this be true—and the account says that excavations have already been ordered—what a rich treasure of interesting remains may we not expect from this Pompeii of the Pacific.

"DYING NOW."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Closely they press round the couch of snow,
Tenderly clasping the pale, cold hand,
Watching the embers of life burn low,
Waiting the coming of spirit-bands.
Softly the light is now going out,
Calm lie the shadows upon the floor,
Hark! they are opening the "pearly gate,"
Close by the golden-sanded shore.

Heavy and damp lie the locks of gray,
Shading the aged and care-worn brow;
A smile lingers yet on the pale, sweet face,
Quietly, peacefully slumbering now.
Sever a tress of the silvered hair,
Calm on his bosom the white hands fold,
Bathe the mute lips with thy burning tears,
Ah, me! 'tis in vain, he is still and cold.

Weep if thou must, kiss him once again,
Clasping still closer the cold icy hand;
Life's fitful dream, it is ended now.
Watching and waiting the angels stand
Just on the river's perilous brink,
Beckoning over the waters clear,
Stealing away through the ether depths,
Leading him on to the upper sphere.

Waterloo, Pa.

COUSIN CONSTANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I love to think of her as I saw her first with any degree of interest, little Constance Levering. I thought there was a touch of angelhood in the soft, childish face then as she sat with her little baby cousin upon her lap—his fresh, chubby face tenderly laid against her bosom, and hers drooping over it, pale and sweet, while the golden bars from a setting sun, fell upon the shining brown hair.

I had watched her swaying to and fro with a gentle motion, listening to the soft lullaby unsung, till the babe slept, and then stole softly in the nursery, taking a seat where I could look at her well, for, unconsciously, I had become deeply interested in this little dependent cousin of my proud young friend, Estelle, with whom I was visiting.

As I did so, Constance lifted her eyes fully to mine, and for the first time I saw how beautiful they were. A world of feeling was in their depths, and a rare sweetness in the smile that wreathed her lips for a moment as she noted my gaze. To my surprise, I found myself becoming perfectly fascinated with this strange, shy child. And yet she was very plain, very ordinary seemingly. Until now I had scarcely noticed her, though I had been in the house a week, and seen her quietly moving from room to room performing the little offices imposed upon her.

A desire to talk to the child seized me. So I spoke very softly, lest I should waken the sleeping child.

"Don't your arms tire holding Freddie, Constance? He is heavy, and you do not look strong."

"O, no, ma'am. I love to hold him."

"Why?"

"I think it must be because he loves me. There isn't anybody but Freddie who does care for me."

She did not utter this complainingly, but in a quiet, simple way, as if she thought it perfectly natural that she could expect no affection here, save that of the babe she tended so lovingly. The brown eyes drooped a little sadly, I thought, though, after the words were spoken.

"Did you ever have any little brothers or sisters, Constance?"

"Yes, one little sister. Ellen was her name, but she died when she was old enough to run about. Ellie was a sweet little creature. I wish she could have stayed with us," with quivering lips.

"And your mamma—your papa? Where are they?"

"Dead," with a dreariness of tone sad to hear. "There isn't anybody but myself left. Papa failed, and it hurt him so he one day—shot—himself," with an effort. "Then mamma became ill and died a little while after that. Both of them were buried by Ellie—one on each side. After that Uncle Gerald brought me here."

The story was very short, very simple, very touching. I could have wept to hear the sweet, plaintive tones recounting it in that grave, sad way—so hopeless, yet so free from complaint or bitterness.

It was in my heart to ask her more about herself,—if her aunt and cousins were kind to her; but that did not seem exactly honorable towards my hostess, and I refrained, resolving simply to observe for myself.

"How old are you, Constance?" I again queried by way of saying something. She looked up, and the same rare smile illumined the pale, delicate face.

"Sixteen. I do not look so old."

"No indeed! Can it be possible? Why one would scarcely think you beyond twelve or thirteen, at most."

"That is because I am so small and wear my hair in these short curls. Besides, I have no ways like other young girls. It isn't likely I shall ever see much of society, or be like the young ladies you see around here; so I prefer to be childlike with Freddie," and as she said this she bent her lips to his golden hair, tenderly, with a world of love in look and tone and caress.

I stole out as softly as I came, my thoughts strangely absorbed with Constance Levering, wishing that I had some way of relieving her of the dreary hopelessness of the future I fancied I could see stretching out before her. I soon had reason to wish it more fervently, as my growing watchfulness put me into full possession of the truth.

The following afternoon, Estelle Levering had been lying down preparatory for an evening out, rising after several hours but little refreshed and decidedly cross. Everything had gone wrong with her that day. Her maid was ill; Dr. Merlin, for whom it was not difficult to see she had a partial feeling, had sent an excuse on the plea of professional duty, and his cousin, Ward Holmes, with her permission, he begged to be allowed to send in his place to attend her. All this chafed her spirits, but she was determined to go, and consequently began at an early hour to dress for the occasion.

Miserably sick with a freshly contracted cold—and headache, I had declined attending the party, but seeing Estelle's distress, roused myself to render what assistance I might. Still nothing went right, and in the midst of all the worriment Mrs. Levering came in.

"Oh, mamma!" burst from Estelle. "If it wasn't for some things I'd stay at home. I shall look like a fright without Kitty to dress me. It's too bad that she should be sick to-night, of all nights. I am ready to sink with vexation."

"Why, my dear, you seem to have very efficient aid," Mrs. Levering answered quietly.

Estelle blushed, but answered,

"Oh, I know, Miss Harland is very good. Indeed I appreciate her kindness, but there is nobody that can get on with me like Kitty. I am so sure of her that it never gives me any trouble at all. I only have to yield myself to her hands, and it is all right in a little while. I am sure to look charming. But here I am, all flushed and heated and cross! Oh, dear! I could cry outright."

I turned away with something like scorn for the vain girl at my heart, and sank into a large chair, one hand pressed over my temples to still the pain. Mrs. Levering rang the bell.

"I shall send for Constance to help you, my dear. She is as good as any dressing maid in the world."

"Constance! To be sure! Why did I not think of her before. Tell her to come quickly," cried Estelle, with eagerness.

Mrs. Levering gave the order and went out to prepare her own toilette. In a few moments Constance entered.

I noted a little round red spot on each cheek as she advanced to Estelle, but her manner was very gentle and patient. With light, swift fingers she arranged the rebellious curls, fastened the jewels into them, and added article after article, until the dress was complete. Sometimes Estelle would burst out impatiently if anything failed to please her, but Constance remedied the evil without reply or comment. I sat still, watched and listened intently until it was over, and the girl went out quietly, scarcely having lifted her eyes to give me a glance even, the whole time of her stay.

"Thank fortune that is done!" sighed the elegant young miss, surveying herself. "Who could have believed that child had so much taste and judgment, having lived all her life in a quiet, country town? It is well she can make herself useful in someway, I am sure. Poor relations are a great trial. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly," I answered, dryly, "to most people they are. I should not think that Constance would try you, however. She is a gentle little thing, and very useful with Freddie."

"Oh, yes, Freddie likes her, and there is no need for a nurse since she can take care of him. Papa talks to us so much about extravagance, I was quite relieved when mamma decided to send away the boy's nurse instead of Kitty. I never can do without a maid. That is out of the question."

In a few moments the carriage was announced, and Mr. Holmes's name came up. Estelle descended to find her father and mother in the hall with him. From the first landing I saw them go out, heard the carriage roll away, and then returned to my room, glad to be left alone for one evening to rest in peace.

Buried within the luxurious depths of a large chair, with my feet upon a stool, I sat for some time, when, just as a soft slumber seemed stealing upon me, a light hand fell on my arm. I opened my eyes to see Constance close at my side, her face pallid, her large eyes wild with alarm.

"Oh, Miss Harland, please forgive this intrusion, but Freddie is very ill with croup, and I must go for a doctor. I am afraid to leave him alone with the house maid till I come back. Will you come into the nursery for a little while?"

"Yes, indeed! But, child, why not send one of the men?"

"They are all out."

"Then send the house maid."

"She is afraid to go."

"Strange," I uttered, impatiently, "I have never seen such regulations as this in a gentleman's house. I am completely astonished. Where are you going, Constance?"

"I don't know. I think I can find aunt's family physician, though I don't remember the number of his office. You won't leave him, will you?"

"No. If you must go, I will do all I can until you return."

I took the little hot hands in mine and tried to soothe the child, as Constance flew downstairs and out at the front door. In an almost incredible space of time, she came back, panting like a hunted hare.

"He will be here soon," she said; "I was so fortunate to find him in. Poor Freddie," taking him from my arms, "how he suffers, dear little angel. If he should die—?"

She checked herself, and bent a look of unutterable love and anguish upon the baby's face, as he lay struggling for breath in her arms.

"Did this come on suddenly?" I asked.

"Yes. He has been fretful and feverish all day. I feared he was ill, and told Mrs. Levering so when she sent for me to dress Estelle. But she said I was silly. That he was teething, and all children get cross and feverish while teething. I had to carry him all the afternoon in my arms."

"No wonder you looked flushed and tired then," I said, "when you came up-stairs. Your cheeks were burning."

"It was not that," she answered, quickly, but in a low voice; and I knew she spoke truly. No need for further explanations.

"How shall we let Mrs. Levering know of the danger?" I again asked. "She must be sent for."

"Not yet. Wait until we see what the doctor says."

Even while she spoke, he came into the room. It was Dr. Merlin himself, a tall, handsome man, with a grave yet gentle face. I did not wonder that Estelle preferred him above all others, as I had plainly seen ere this. Something high-toned and manly spoke through eyes and manner, the moment one came to observe him, and the heart intuitively claimed him for confidence and sympathy. The moment he entered the room I felt his influence. So did Constance. I saw her eyes lifted to his with earnest hopefulness as he bent over the child upon her lap, and his questions were answered with an eagerness yet freedom from confusion or fear, that bespoke her entire trust.

He prescribed at once and sent off for the medicine, which he waited to administer himself. A messenger was sent for Mrs. Levering also, though he said it was merely through form, for Freddie was in no danger. And it seemed so, indeed, for when she came, half an hour after the doctor's prescription, the child was sleeping quietly in Constance's arms, his respiration regular and easy.

For a few moments there was a little flutter, a well bred exhibition of gratitude and fear mingled, a shower of thanks for the doctor's prompt attention, and then a leave taking. He was calm, manly, respectful, and withdrew as easily as he came, unmoved by the tears the mother brushed hastily from her cheeks while expressing her feelings. But the moment the door closed behind him, this affectionate mother turned upon the loving, patient nurse, wrathfully.

"How in the world could you have permitted the child to take cold? You have certainly neglected him in some way, and you know I am afraid of croup as of death. I declare it is too bad, and at just this time, of all others. Of course it would never do to be away and Freddie ill, but it was hard to have to drag poor Estelle and her papa from such a splendid party—the very first of the season. Of course it is different with me. I am a mother, and have a mother's feelings, which are always self-sacrificing; but if you had properly attended to your duties he would never have taken cold."

The two little red spots had crept back to Constance's cheeks, but she made no reply. I saw that she was undergoing a strong trial for self-control, and honored the effort, though I candidly confessed to myself a desire to hurl back a self-defence, strong and bitter. Mr. Levering stood apart, having said but little, and Estelle was lying all in a heap upon the parlor sofa, where she had thrown herself, "overcome with feeling," as her mother had explained to Doctor Merlin. I saw his eyes flash, then suffuse, as he regarded his niece's behaviour under her aunt's unjust reproaches; but when he turned from the room without a word of kindness, my heart hardened towards him, and I despised the weakness which sealed his lips upon what his heart felt, lest his wife's tongue should utter something sharp and reproving.

I always had a hearty contempt for men who were afraid to be *themselves* under all circumstances.

Freddie had a relapse near daylight, and Doctor Merlin was again called hastily. But this time he was not so successful, and, in spite of all that could be done, the boy grew worse and worse until about the middle of the afternoon, when he breathed his last.

All this time Constance never moved from her post even to partake of food. With a look in her eyes telling of unutterable anguish, she sat bowed over him, caring for every want with the utmost watchfulness or walked the floor with him in her arms. When the final struggle came, and the doctor bade her lay him upon his bed, she still remained at his side until the little life drifted out upon the great Ocean, and then, falling upon her knees at his side, heavy sobs shook her slight frame beyond control.

That little creature, all on earth left to love her, had been snatched away, and, worse than all, the charge of his death was laid upon her. Mrs. Levering, in her unreasonableness, forgetting all her loving care, all her watchfulness, her sleepless nights and weary days, did not hesitate to declare that she was the cause of Freddie's illness, consequently his death, in allowing him to take cold. Over and over this had been repeated, until the poor girl could bear it no longer. Like a hunted stag she bounded to her feet, and stood confronting her aunt with eyes that blazed and cheeks aflame.

"Mrs. Levering, what you say is not true, and you know it. Two days ago you had company, and made me remove a warm apron and carry him with bare neck and arms into the parlor. It made my heart ache to see the little blue lips quivering with cold when I came back with him, but it was no will of mine that exposed him so cruelly. All that night he was restless, all yesterday he was feverish and fretful. With what pain at heart I carried him in my arms, trying to soothe him, God alone knows. I told you he was ill, and you said it was 'nonsense,' and bade me take care of him. I did so most faithfully, for in the wide world Freddie was all I had to love, and the thought of his suffering nearly broke my heart. Now he is dead, and you say my carelessness killed him. Oh, cruel, cruel!"

She sank, panting, upon a chair, and Mrs. Levering was borne from the room in violent hysterics. Estelle had gone out sometime previous, and Mr. Levering now attended his shrieking wife, so only Constance, the doctor and I remained in the nursery. Doctor Merlin's eyes were humid and his voice full of tender pity as he took Constance's hands within his own.

"My poor child, it was no fault of yours, I am assured. Rest in peace. Miss Harland, may I trust that you will take this little nurse in charge, and see that she has refreshment and rest?" turning to me. "If she does not we shall have her ill next."

"Oh, let me alone," she moaned. "Don't try to help me. What have I to live for now?"

"Constance!" his voice was deep and grave, bringing her face up suddenly with apprehension. "Do you mean to say you would willfully throw away the life given you because of trials. All who love God, 'come up to Him through great tribulation.' You must bear your cross patiently, do all you can for the good of others, and take proper care of yourself. None of us have a right to cast the boon of life back into the face of our Creator, who has placed us here for His work. We are suicidal when we willfully pass over necessary care to our own health and lives. Rouse yourself—be strong, and willing to suffer for Christ's sake. The reward will come."

How I loved the man for his true, good words, spoken to the lowly relative, the despised servant of his proud patrons. His tone and manner were strongest proof of sincerity and loving kindness, and the effect upon her was magical. She stood up pale and trembling, but with a penitent look.

"God forgive me. I was rebellious, and some things are so bitter. It was hard enough to lose my baby cousin, my little pet, without this other. Yet it was bitterest of the two. Yet I will bear patiently, and, Doctor Merlin, I thank you for bringing me back to myself by such kind words of help. God bless you, sir."

At this moment Mrs. Levering's maid came down for the doctor and he left the room.

Constance turned to Freddie, kissed the little waxen cheeks and forehead, pressed the long, silky fringes down over the beautiful eyes, and began to arrange him for the grave. I could not bear to see that young creature performing such sad duties alone, and went to her with assistance.

When all was finished, I made her go to my room, and ordered some tea and toast sent up for her. Leaving a servant in the nursery, I went to Mrs. Levering's room for a moment, and seeing that she was well attended, sought my little protegee, resolved to take her under my charge as the doctor had requested.

Several days passed. The funeral was over, and the house was desolate indeed. Somebody has said a "baby in the house is a well-spring of constant joy," and now that Freddie was gone all seemed cold, silent, dreary. I began seriously to think of abandoning my intention to remain through the holidays, and go back to my country home in the east. With this thought in my mind I spoke to Constance the evening after the funeral.

"You are not happy here," I said, "and I have come to love you so much that I am discontented with your present position. Will you come home with me, Constance, be my little friend, companion, sister? You shall share all the advantages I possess, and if I can give you sympathy and pleasure enough to make up in part for the past, I will do it most gladly. Do not speak hastily, child. Think first if you would like it, and if you can, I will arrange it with your aunt. She will not object, I think."

"Oh, Miss Harland!" and she clasped my hand between both her own, kneeling on a little stool beside me, while she covered it with kisses. "You are too good, too kind to a poor lonely little girl. What can I say to thank you? How shall I prove to you that I am not ungrateful?"

"Come home with me, dear."

"I would gladly, but I cannot."

"Cannot, Constance? What binds you here?"

"A duty I must not put aside. Ah, I cannot explain to you, dear Miss Harland, but you will soon understand, I fear. I know my aunt does not want me, that she would gladly send me away, but I must not go now. Believe me that I would dearly love to go with you if I could."

"Constance, you puzzle me greatly," I said in bewilderment at this unexpected refusal. "Can it be your fear of dependence? You are dependent here as well, and more than you could be with me. I should be more than repaid by your love and companionship, and you would find kindness and sympathy with me. Tell me frankly why you refuse."

"I cannot indeed," with distress all over her face. "Wait, please; you will know soon. Do not go home yet. This house will seem like a prison without you. Pray do not go. Wait. Who knows? you may do some good too."

Wholly puzzled and nonplussed, I gave assent, wondering what she could mean, what she foresaw to guide her in her inexplicable course; but I thought I understood this child's nature too well to charge her with caprice, and believed she was acting for some special purpose, therefore it was with much anxiety and interest I awaited coming events.

A week later as I was passing the library I was surprised to hear Constance speaking rapidly in a tone of earnest, almost passionate entreaty. The glimpse I caught of the scene within haunted me with a strange sense of undefined terror as I pursued my way to another part of the house. Mr. Levering was seated beside a table, his face buried in his hands, while his niece stood over him, one arm about his shoulders, the other hand grasping what I took to be a pistol, and held behind her as if she had just snatched it from his grasp. What she said I did not hear, but I knew from her tones that it was something which had roused all her being into life. The entreaty was mingled with a ring of command new to this gentle, submissive girl's voice. What could it mean?

I had not long to wait. The truth came out too soon. None save Constance and I knew how nearly the rash man had come to self-destruction, but I understood it all when it was announced that Mr. Levering had failed, and his proud family reduced to penury.

Mrs. Levering was prostrated by the terrible blow; Estelle hurled from her pedestal of pride with a force that nearly crushed her.

And now in the midst of this household wreck, Constance rose up to angelic height, the comforter and sustainer of all. She it was who snatched the husband and father from a shameful death, and by her brave, true words, won him to meet his fate like a man. Her loving kindness and sympathy soothed and sustained him who had been too weak and careless to shield her from injustice and cruelty. It was her voice which breathed into Mrs. Levering's ear words of sympathy and hopefulness, her hands which put back from Estelle's tear-wet face the heavy masses of hair and wandered over her brow with a touch that made her weep afresh for very shame. Womanly in her carefulness, masculine in her strength, magical in her power—Constance moved through the mazes of trying scenes with a steadiness and self-possession that astonished me. Now I understood what she meant in her refusal to leave when I wished it. She had foreseen it, and looked forward to this hour in which she rose superior to us all.

After this I returned home alone, leaving my friends in the midst of confusion, unable to give them any acceptable aid in their misfortunes. In a little while the family was broken up. Mrs. Levering and Estelle chose rather to become dependents and accept the offered hospitality of wealthy friends to sharing the reduced fortunes of the bankrupt, and, deserted by wife and child, he turned into a quiet abode followed by Constance, loving, faithful, forgiving and kind.

From her new home she wrote to me, a cheering, hopeful little note in which she described their humble and toilsome mode of life with a brave spirit, looking forth to brightness in the future. Mr. Levering was going to begin anew manfully, and she "meant to help him all she could." How I blessed her in my heart for a little angel!

But all the grand hopes were dashed as soon as entered upon. The uncle fell ill, and the niece was called upon to watch and tend him through a weary illness, then to close his eyes in a rest that must be eternal. Dr. Merlin's skill was of no avail, and again the one she had come to love best on earth was called away while she was just learning to feel the sweetness of her power to give help and comfort. Poor Constance! Hers indeed seemed a doomed life. All her hopes were ruthlessly shattered! All her loved ones torn away, and she must go forward alone and in desolation.

There had been a grand funeral. Rich relatives came forward at the last, and took the remains of Mr. Levering from his humble retreat for honorable burial, and after it was all over, Constance, unnoticed and uncared for, went back to her little chamber with a sick heart.

Sitting with her head bowed upon her hands as the shadows of evening gathered, and the tears flowing freely over her cheeks, a gentle step and voice drew near—a light hand passed over the bowed head:

"Poor Little Constance, so good, and brave, and gentle, yet so sorely tried. Accept a friend's sympathy, my child, and let it comfort you."

"Oh, it does comfort me, Doctor Merlin. You are so good to me—so faithful and kind," and she drew his hand to her lips impulsively.

"No, no, child! not that!" he cried, in sudden haste, withdrawing his fingers quickly. Then, strongly moved, he paced the little chamber, his noble face pale as marble. After awhile he came back, sat down by her, and took her hand in his, her face all the while a picture of grief and alarm.

"Constance," he said, gently, "do you really think me kind?"

"Indeed, I do, doctor. No other has been so kind—no one but you cared for us. How can you ask such a question?"

"And are you happier for what I have done? Does my coming give you any pleasure? Am I of any use to you in the world, Constance?"

"Oh, doctor!" with pain in tone and expression, "what have I done, that you should ask this? I am not ungrateful, whatever else I may be—poor, forlorn, uncared for." She could go no further then, and burst into sobs, deep and heartrending.

"Don't cry, Constance. I have not done this to pain you. It was only to—to try to find out how you regard me," and now his voice grew husky. "I have come to tell you something, Constance. Will you listen to me kindly? I know I am much older than you are, still not enough to make a material difference, and I—I love you! I cannot bear to see you suffer so in your loneliness. Now you have none to depend upon, none to look to, and I have ventured to come to you and offer you my name, my deep, deep love, and a home where you shall know no care if I can shield you. At this time it may seem out of place to speak in such terms—to declare my affection; but circumstances have forced me to seize upon the present moment. Can you answer me, Constance? Can you love me a little, and let me share the burthens too heavy for your young life. Tell me, darling, in frankness, and truth, just how you feel."

Gradually the sweet eyes had drooped and the little brown head went down upon the table while he was speaking, but now she put out her tiny hands with a sweet purity of truthfulness that was like her only:

"Oh, Doctor Merlin, I have loved you all the time since Freddie died, better than any one on earth."

His arms were round her in a close, fond clasp, his tremulous lips upon her pure brow. Constance felt in that hour that she was no longer alone and unloved.

A few days later, having been put in possession of the facts, Constance came to me, by earnest invitation, and was soon followed by her betrothed. In the little church just beyond my gates, a week later, I saw them married, my father giving the bride away, in the absence of any relative to perform that office.

I have often visited them since, in their elegant home, where comforts and luxuries, admirably blended, are presided over by the dearest of household angels. I glory in her happiness. There is nothing on earth that gives me truer joy than the sweet, contented look of the beautiful eyes, the quiet smiling of the cherry mouth his love has kissed into bloom again.

As for Mrs. Levering and Estelle, they are still with their relatives, but discontented, humbled and unhappy. Doctor Merlin and Constance invited them to come home with them for a while, which, to my infinite satisfaction they had the good grace to decline.

So far as my little friend's affairs stand, I am heartily content. God bless them.

A PICTURE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY OLIVE.

A field of crimson clover;
A sky of gold and blue;
Adown the lane a lover—
What is the rest to you?

Day in a dying rapture,
A halo round her head;
Some whispered words, and after
I can't tell what was said.

Eve weeping for the day-light;
Shadows grim and tall:
A sweet good-bye, a troth-plight—
And really that was all.

The Formation of the Alps.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal says that a geological debate has been for some time in progress, and will probably have a long career, for the debaters are Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Ramsay, late President of the Geological Society, and Professor Tyndall. The subject is the mode of formation of the Alps. Sir Roderick argues that the mountains were formed by upheaval and subsequent fracture. The two professors contend that Switzerland was once covered by water, and that water, operating through long ages, has formed the mountains and hills, valleys and precipices. The debate is exciting; and Professor Tyndall, who has climbed many an alp to observe ice and snow, and the effects of light and temperature, has now a reason for climbing them all again, to gain facts and evidence in support of his new geological argument. It was for this that his last summer's journey to Switzerland was undertaken; and looking forth from the heights, he concludes that water, ice, and wearing away have, to use his words, sculptured the Alps into their present form; and he says, "that such is their genesis and history, is as certain as that erosion produced the Chines in the Isle of Wight. The erosion theory ascribes the formation of Alpine Valleys to the agencies here referred to. It invokes nothing but true causes. The artificers by which its work is performed are still there, though it may be in diminished strength; and if they are granted sufficient time, it is demonstrable that they are competent to produce the effects ascribed to them."

Of course there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question, especially as regards mountain-ranges in countries where there are no snow, ice, or water. In what way did they become fissured? And the long straight fissure now filled by the Red Sea, might be adduced as an example of the fracture theory on the largest scale.

☞ Topers should bear in mind that what they quaff from the goblet appears afterwards in the mug.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.

Oh, the flowerets, the bonnie wee flowerets,
  Glinting and smiling and peeping through the grass!
And oh the children, the bonnie little children,
  I see them and love them and bless them as I pass!
I bless them—but I'm sad for them—
I wish I could be glad for them—
  For who, alas! can tell the fate that shall befall?
The flowerets of the morning,
The greenwood path adorning,
  May be scattered ere the noontide by the wild wind's sudden call;
Or plucked because they're beautiful,
By rudest hands undutiful:
  Or trampled under foot by the cattle of the stall;
And the smiling little children, the bonnie little children,
  That sport like happy moths in the sunny summer sheen,
May perish ere the day time,
Of their sweet expected May time,
  And sleep beneath the daisies, and the long grass growing green;
Or a worse, worse fate may light on them,
And cast more fatal blight on them:
  The bonnie little maiden may be wooed and cast away.
And the bonnie boy prove ruthless,
Or cowardly or truthless,
  Or a gold-adoring hypocrite before his head be gray.
But oh, ye fairy blossoms! whatever be the future,
  I would not, if I might, peer through its awful glass;
Bloom, flowerets of the wild wood!
Rejoice, oh happy childhood!
  I look at you and love you and bless you as I pass.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

OFF GUARD.

King Turmoil reigned triumphant in the summer of 1815. A merry madness was monarch of all. Progress mounted like wine into the brains of the majority; under the influence of the intoxicating idea all went as fast as was feasible to some goal, whether good or the reverse was just a matter of chance with the many. There was much public frenzy and private mental aberration. The wildest schemes and most fragile of follies obtained and had a temporary success that was due to the disjointedness of the times. There was such splendor in the metropolis, that naturally there was no inconsiderable amount of havoc in the land. All were gorgeously bedight that year, and, like the lilies of the field, they took no apparent heed of what the morrow might bring forth.

Mrs. John Galton was by nature addicted to the diffusing around her, for beautifying and comforting purposes, of all the dross she could command. Some people call this extravagance; others, lavish generosity. Whatever name you like to bestow upon the quality, the fact remains that Kate possessed it, and the house in which her husband had planted her bore convincing marks of the same. She was going with the tide: and the tide set strongly in favor of following out the advice given, to take no heed of what the morrow might bring forth.

When John Galton reached the door of his wife's temporary residence, in Piccadilly, at half-past seven that night, agreeable odors were wafted up from the kitchen and down from the balcony, as if to welcome him. The perfumes from below were of delicate cakes and rich sauces; the scents from above were of roses, and mignonette, and other unpractical things.

"I'm glad Kate has not dined, for I'm hungry," he thought to himself, as he rushed past one of his own footmen, without pausing to notice the irrepressible grin which succeeded that worthy man's first expression of blank amaze on beholding him. Then the sound of many voices smote upon his ear; and as he paused irresolutely on the staircase, there came serpentining towards him a cavalcade from the drawing-room. It was only by an agile bound down into the hall again that he escaped actual collision with the leader of the van—an old lady, who looked as if she were imperfectly riveted together with paint and artificial flowers.

From a dark doorway at the foot of the stairs he watched the descent of his wife's guests. He felt dirty and travel-soiled, and at a terrible disadvantage, as he stood there. They who passed him unconsciously were all so trim and bright. He felt at a terrible disadvantage; but not at all angry with Kate—only rather sorry that she had "not told him about it,"—that was all.

For a minute, a moment, rather, he thought that he would go back again as he had come, unknown, unnoticed. Then he remembered that in such going back without seeing her there would be a mute accusation, at least his sister would so read it, and would force her reading upon Kate some day perhaps. He could not censure her even by implication; he could not shame or distress her by showing resentment at such a very venial offence. So the kind hearted fellow reasoned as the guests filed down, he unobserved by all of them—unobserved even by Kate, who came last, leaning on the arm of an ugly brilliant-eyed man. So he reasoned, shrinking into an uncomfortably small compass, in order to keep well in the shade, so that she might not see him suddenly, and start and show surprise.

When they were well inside the dining-room door he called the footman who had grinned on admitting him, and bade him unpack a portmanteau containing a dress-coat and other articles that were essential to his proper appearance, a portmanteau which had been left in town, fortunately.

"And now," he said, when he was ready, "just take this note to your mistress, and lay a cover for me."

The man took the note to his mistress, and his mistress read it with the slightest start in the world.

"My husband could not promise me and himself the pleasure of being here to-night; but he has succeeded in coming nevertheless," she said, handing the note with an untrembling hand to Theo Leigh, as if Theo were to feel special pleasure in the advent of a man she did not yet know. Then Mr. John Galton, judging from those words that his wife was perfectly self-possessed and ready to receive him, walked in, and was received with an air of quiet surprise by the majority of his guests, that made him wish himself back at Haversham.

But for all his own discomfiture he did not let one of them perceive that he had not come up to town fully expecting to meet them. Theo remarked that he scarcely tasted anything, and Mr. David Linley that he "had a habit of silence that was uncommonly pleasant in a bucolic." This was all the notice that David Linley accorded to the husband of the lady whose chains he was reputed (by herself and immediate friends) so be wearing.

Later in the evening, before John Galton could gain quiet speech of his wife that should not appear to be marked, Harold Ffrench came in.

"Has he, that man I wrote to you about, been hanging about her all the evening?" Mr. Ffrench asked of his cousin's husband as soon as they had shaken each other by the hand.

"He hasn't been near her once," John Galton replied. He was thinking of his wife, she being the one woman in the world to him. It did not occur to his single mind to suppose that Harold's question, Harold's anxiety, related solely to Theo Leigh.

"I have not spoken to Kate yet about what you have said, Ffrench; I shall tell her, though, to-night, that you don't think Linley a desirable acquaintance, and there will be an end of it."

"There won't be an end of it, I fear."

"You don't mean that you think Kate will disregard my wishes when I express them, Ffrench? Hang it, man, no one else should hint such a doubt of her affection to me!"

"Kate? oh! to be sure Kate will be all right about it. It was not Kate I meant at the moment, Galton. I was thinking of that young girl; between us we have got her away from the home where at any rate she was safe and happy, only to throw her in the way of one of the greatest scoundrels unhung."

"Do you mean Miss Leigh and Mr. Linley?"

"Yes. I do mean Miss Leigh and Linley: he is attracted by her, as who would not be, indeed? I can't tell what I feel when I see Kate persisting in exposing that young girl to such a horrible risk."

"What is the risk? He doesn't strike me as being so remarkably attractive," John Galton said in a low tone, looking curiously across the room at his abused guest the while.

"A snake is not remarkably attractive, still it contrives to approach near enough to sting; and a precipice is not pleasant in itself, still it seduces a good many to gaze over its brink until they grow giddy. He's playing his usual double game, the rascal!" Harold Ffrench continued, in a tone of such deep rage and pain that John Galton became involuntarily impressed with the importance of the case, disposed as he was to see only the side shown, and to think well of the world at large.

"What is his usual game?" he asked.

"To apparently devote himself to one woman; to show a surface devotion that may blind beholders. He affects now to feel an interest in Kate, and to find her society charming. His real reason for coming here is to win that poor unguarded girl."

"How do you—. Look here, Ffrench, don't be offended at the question; but *how* do you come to know so much about this man? and knowing it at all, why don't you say it out straightforwardly and have done with it, whatever it may be?"

John Galton looked very anxiously into Harold's face as he thus questioned. The honest, brave, straightforward fellow could not bear to think that the man whom his own dear wife held "dear as a brother" should be guilty of saying that about a man which he could not or dared not prove.

Harold Ffrench sat down and leant forward, covering his eyes with one hand.

"I have been a fool in my day, Galton; but, on my soul, I have never been a scoundrel or a sneak. I am not offended with you; but your question looks strangely, as if you thought me one, or both."

"My good fellow, it's only that I am apt to give out what my own heart holds; I meant no reflection upon you. I don't doubt, or I won't again at all events, that your reasons for distrusting this man, whom that old aunt of my wife's has brought upon us, are good enough. Let me say one thing to you, though, Why don't you guard that pretty girl you're so anxious about?"

"I should be a villain to suffer her to see how deeply I am interested in her, Galton; and that fellow knows it, or he would not dare to strive to interest her himself before me. I wish to God I had never gone to Houghton, or brought about an intimacy between Kate and Theo Leigh."

"Theo Leigh couldn't well have a better friend than my wife, I should think."

"Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps not Well, it's useless saying more, since I can't explain everything; but get your wife away from this vortex before mischief is done."

With that Harold Ffrench rose and walked away to a corner of the room where Theo sat talking to Mr. Linley. The latter had remained near her for a long time this evening, speaking to her occasionally with a softness in his eyes and voice that other women had found pleasant and then painful full many a time before. Despite Harold Ffrench's caution, to "beware of this man as if he were the plague," Theo had given him a full confidence in return for his well simulated one.

"I forgot the manner of your introduction to Mrs. Galton. You were mentioning the other day that it came about in a semi-accidental way—much in the same way as Ffrench's introduction to you, in fact," he had said. To which Theo replied:

"No, not a semi-accidental introduction to Mrs. Galton. My introduction to her was rightly and properly composed. It was Mr. Ffrench's introduction to us that came about by chance. He was wandering about on the marshes, near our house in the country, trying to find his way over a fordless creek. He asked me to direct him, and I told him that he must have a boat—papa's boat—since there was no other; and when I mentioned my father's name—no, I didn't mention his name, but it came round some way or other that Mr. French had known him by repute years ago in ——— Greece."

She had paused before uttering the last word, for as she approached the climax of her explanation the face of the man she addressed altered visibly. The soft tenderness, that while it lived almost entirely redeemed his ugliness, vanished from his eyes, and in its place there came two light laughing devils of malice and contempt.

"Mr. Ffrench managed matters most ingeniously," he whispered. "He has shown far more tact than I ever knew him to employ before."

"You do know him, then, although you never speak—." She stopped herself abruptly.

"Theo, I never speak what?"

"Well of him, or to him. How can you dislike Mr. Ffrench, and seem to think things against him?" she continued warmly.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked in a low voice. The devils had vanished now. The soft tenderness reigned again more powerfully than before, if possible, for Harold Ffrench was advancing towards them to be pained by an exhibition of it. "Shall I tell you why I dislike him?" he repeated. "Because you love him, Theo, and I love you."

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. JOHN GALTON OFFERS A PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

Theo was but a girl—but a young impressionable girl. What need, after telling you that, to add the fact that all must feel, that she was touched by those last words of Mr. Linley's. Touched not into tenderness, but into that compassionately emotional frame of mind which after a period may give birth to tenderness. He was much older than herself; his name sounded well mentally, but ill morally; she had heard him much abused, yet nothing definite had ever been brought against him—above all, he loved her! This last was the weight that had brought the balance down in his favor. He loved her, and she could not requite his love. Therefore she indulged in a plentiful supply and show of compassionate emotion towards him.

She did not tell him that she was sorry, or honored, or any other thing that it only comes to one to affect to feel and utter after one and-twenty. She was not one-and-twenty yet, so though she was both sorry and honored, very unfeignedly sorry, and very considerably honored, she said nothing about either, but just suffered a series of sensations—semi-detached they were—not one of them had fair play—in silence.

The man had tasted the joy to the full, in his youth, of causing a woman to thrill through all her body and soul to his false words, doubly false in their apparently enforced frankness. But this silent shiver that possessed Theo when he had spoken was a new thing to him. It was not a shiver of aversion, that he perceived at once. He was no self-deluder, though, and therefore he was also prompt to perceive that it was no light trembling ripple of reciprocation. They had clashed in their earlier years; the memory of their having done so was rarely absent from his mind—still he did not realize for a few minutes that it was Harold Ffrench's approach which had caused a considerable portion of the trembling that he (Linley) had not understood.

When he did realize it, it stung him far more than if the girl had been antipathetic to his influence. The sting did not move him outwardly, however, for he reminded him of days gone by, when he and the Satyr had won what had been vowed to Harold the Hyperion.

"What have you been doing with yourself for the last day or two, Theo?" Mr. Ffrench asked, seating himself by her side.

"Nothing to-day. You were here yesterday, you know," she answered, inclining her head ever so slightly towards him as she spoke. There was never that leaning action, that barely expressed yearning towards himself, Linley felt, as he watched her from the short distance to which he had retired.

"Was I here yesterday? Upon my word, I hardly know how the days go."

He did not look at her as he said this, but gazed away vaguely into vacancy in a way that caused her to gaze at him with painful earnestness.

"How you look at one, Theo!" he exclaimed presently, turning towards her. "Your eyes were going through me then in a way that would make me fancy, if I didn't know you so well, that you were trying to fathom something. What were you reading?"

"Nothing. It's a sealed book to me."

"What is a sealed book to you? My character!"

"Yes."

"I ought to say, thank God that it is, for the reading would not profit you. Perhaps I had better break the seals, though—shall I?"

"Do, do! Ah! you will trust me."

She spoke in a quick, low tone; every note reached his ear and his heart, but not a sound of the words she used floated across to the eagerly strained ears of the man who was listening for her accents. Love is the best master of acoustics after all.

"Trust you! Yes, but not myself," he muttered in reply. Then he rose from her side, saying that Kate was beckoning him.

So once again the goblet of explanation, or whatever it might have been, was dashed from Theo's lips.

Mrs. John Galton was a little pinker as to the cheeks, and brighter as to the eyes, when Harold Ffrench obeyed her sign by going over to her side.

"What is this, Harold?" she commenced, as soon as he had seated himself on the small bit of couch which she indicated was at his service. "What is this, Harold? What have you been writing to my husband about?"

She was all the aggrieved matron—nothing more. Harold was aware of her talent for rapid transformations, therefore he was spared surprise at this last one that had come over her.

"About Mr. Linley," he replied quietly.

"Ridiculous! What has the man done to you that you should attack him in the dark?"

John Galton had told his wife that Harold's anxiety related solely and wholly to Theo Leigh.

"He says it would be all right enough for you, of course, dear. You're above suspicion; but he fancies that Linley is fascinated by Miss Leigh, and I—well, I suppose the long and the short of it is that he is jealous."

Jealous! Harold Ffrench jealous of Mr. Linley about Theo Leigh, while she (Kate) was extant! Small wonder that her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter. She would have sacrificed the dawning friendship with Linley to Harold's jealousy of her. But she would not sacrifice it to his fears for Theo.

"Dear John," she had said to him with that air of thorough conviction that may not be questioned, "you know how I always endeavor to palliate Harold's follies and screen his faults, because he has been as a brother to me since I was an infant; he really tries me a little too far sometimes, though; he wants arrogantly to banish Mr. Linley from your house because Mr. Linley is evidently acquainted with some of Harold's juvenile delinquencies. I have no patience with such revengeful narrow-mindedness. Have you?"

"Well, I hardly—"

"Oh, now, John, don't defend him for the sake of sparing my feelings. Of course it's painful, most painful to me, to see Harold give way to such pettiness of disposition, but I can't blind myself to the fact that he does so give way. Mr. Linley is so different; he never says anything about Harold; never alludes to the cause of the aversion that evidently exists between them. I love Harold as a brother," the matron proceeded with creditable emotion, "but I cannot help thinking that he must have been very much in the wrong—it is so hard to forgive any one whom we may have injured."

"Perhaps the less we say about it, then, the better," John Galton said uneasily. It always seemed to him that the less that was said about anything unpleasant, that might not be boldly rectified, the better.

"Perhaps so. I will tell Harold that I have given an explanation to you of what he deemed reprehensible, and that you are quite satisfied. Shall I?"

"Certainly. Satisfied? I don't like that word, Kate; it sounds as if it had not always been satisfied with you."

"Ah! dear!—no one knows better than Harold what reason you have for being so," the fair wife replied.

In this speech there was much truth; no one knew better than Harold "what reason" John Galton had for such satisfaction!

So now when Harold Ffrench came to her at her signal, Kate let him feel that he had been unwise in interfering.

"Because you do not like him, is that any reason why you should attack him in the dark, and cast unfounded suspicions upon me?" she asked.

"Now you are ridiculous, Kate," he replied quickly. "I was attacked in the dark years ago by that man; but let that pass; what I want now is to do away with the opportunity you give him of exercising his cursed wiles on that—"

"Girl, over whom you have already exercised yours," she interrupted. "Pooh! Harold, you ought to be wiser in your maturity than to fear such a kitten face will win all sorts of love and evil for its possessor. I am tired of the girl and her silent non-committal adoration for you and Linley."

"She has no adoration for Linley as yet, thank God," he struck in eagerly.

"Has she not? well, all I can say is that she tries to blush him into the belief that she has. However, she is going home in a few days; will that set your mind at rest?"

"About her—yes."

"And about whom 'no?'—yourself?" she asked, softening her voice abruptly and placing her hand on his arm with the same quick warm pressure he remembered she had employed once, years ago, when she wanted to learn the story of the forging of the chains that bound him.

"I shall be as much at rest as I have been for more than twenty years," he answered, sadly.

"Confide in me, Harold; now, though it's late; confide in me and I would even befriend you with *her*."

She glanced towards Theo as she spoke and he replied—

"Befriend her by sending her away home from both of us, Kate."

"I will," she said huskily; "indeed I will; how you love her, Harold! She shall go soon, very soon."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. HAROLD FFRENCH OFFERS AN EXPLANATION WHICH IS NOT SO PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.

Mrs. John Galton had promised her cousin that Theo should go back to Houghton and safety "soon, very soon." She thoroughly meant to keep her word. The sight of Theo was painful to the prettier woman whom Theo had eclipsed. This was one reason for the ardent nature of the suddenly developed desire of the prettier woman's to banish Theo. But added to this was another and better reason: she did not wish Theo's heart to be wrung or name to be sullied by even so much as the shadow of a suspicion while under her auspices.

Kate had the special grace of doing two or three things excellently well at the same time and without apparent effort. She could be an excellent hostess to the mass contemporaneously with the discharge of her full battery on the one. Moreover while thus generally agreeable and specially fascinating she could plan, arrange, and decide upon some important course of action.

This evening, while causing the majority of her guests to hope that these *re-unions* would be of frequent recurrence, and weaving a conversational web from which he could not escape around Mr. Linley, she had to settle the form of words in which Theo's sentence of dismissal should be pronounced, together with the manner of its delivery. Kate abhorred the notion of going back to the old Grange, but she felt capable of calmly sacrificing herself even to that degree rather than of remaining a quiescent spectator of Theo Leigh's success in that field where the greatest glories of the day had always been gained by her alone. It was the one thing in life which Kate could not do gracefully—retire amiably into the background, namely, and from thence watch with kind eyes the flashing of others' maiden swords.

Mrs. Galton had no very poignant pangs about getting rid of Theo abruptly after almost forcing her to remain. Mrs. John Galton in fact never had any poignant pangs about anyone but herself, and she would suffer nothing in the parting. So she resolved to say words to Theo on the morrow that should prove to the latter that it would be well for her not to stand upon the order of her going, but to go at once.

It happened, however, that Kate was not called upon to accelerate Theo's departure after all. The morrow's post brought a letter from Mrs. Leigh telling her daughter that a long-looked-for appointment under government had fallen vacant, and been bestowed upon her father. Further that this would involve the necessity of Theo's returning at once. "If Mrs. Galton could kindly spare her," in order that she might bear her part in the leave-takings and packing-up which were consequent on the change.

"Perhaps you had better start by the two o'clock train to-day," Mrs. Galton suggested, when her young guest made her acquainted with the contents of the letter; "you'll have to see so many people before you leave, and you leave so soon that I think you had better start by the two o'clock train."

"Ought I to see—I mean, how can I see people if I start so early?" Theo asked.

"I meant that you would have so many people down there to take leave of, not up here at all. I am sure I am delighted to learn that you have such intimate friends up here, I was not aware of it."

"I will start by the two o'clock train, certainly, or by an earlier one, if there is an earlier one," Theo replied, hurriedly. Then she added more slowly, but quite steadily and distinctly—"The only friend I have in London is Mr. Ffrench; I should like to have seen him before I go, but I suppose I shall not."

"No, dear, I don't suppose you will," Kate rejoined, affably. It always made Kate affable to see another person baffled in this way. She herself would have obviated the difficulties attendant on seeing Harold Ffrench with a deft readiness by comparison with which Theo's discomfiture seemed a very ludicrous thing. But Theo had no such deft readiness at command, or at anyrate would never have brought it to bear on such a matter.

Mrs. Galton's reply to Theo's supposition that she should not see Harold Ffrench before she left was therefore given in the most affable tone and spirit.

"No, dear, I don't suppose you will see him; he is sure though to call in by-and-by, and then I will tell him that you are gone."

"That's very kind of you; now I think I had better go and pack-up, Mrs. Galton."

"Why you seem annoyed! don't you wish me to tell him that you're gone? You funny child! why, I really believe, Theo," she cried, starting up, taking Theo's cold hands in her own, and laughing as though the idea were too eminently absurd to be discussed seriously, "I really believe, Theo, that you imagine yourself in love with my cousin Harold!"

She bent her head to a level with Theo's and looked with laughing earnestness into her eyes till Theo angrily averted them.

"I don't imagine myself anything, anything of the—no, I *won't* tell a story: I know that I love him! imagine, indeed!"

She was panting, crimson, trembling, but she did not look one bit ashamed of herself as she made her avowal.

"Poor child!" Kate said half pityingly, half mockingly. Harold will never marry, you take my word for it; I would prophecy good things concerning your first romance if I didn't know him so well."

Then Kate threw herself down on the sofa again, and affected to look at a book and make notes on the same, and Theo went away, broken and abashed now, to pack.

How she loathed her task and herself, and indeed everybody but him. She remembered how she had felt when the trunks were first unpacked in that room, and the dresses first unfolded. Now she wrapped up a hope in every article she folded, and she thought as she put them away that they would never be taken out again. Her first romance Kate had called it! It was soon over—how entirely over!

She wearied over the task, as who would not under the happiest circumstances? Packing-up is never nice unless some one is doing it for you, and you are sitting by and are consulted about the position of the things for which you care, and left unharrassed about the things for which you do not care. Then the packing-up of the goods and chattles that are to accompany you upon a pleasant tour is an agreeable occupation to witness, though packing-up one's own things is invariably depressing.

Poor Theo wearily put the bonnet that had been on her head to the Academy with him into the well of her box with a sigh, and sickened at the sight of some roses he had given her.

Ah, those roses something held
Other roses seemed to lack—

as Mr. Francesco Berger has told us in melodious strains. They were no prize flowers with big broad deep leaves and the perfume of Paradise. They were just simple "roses red and roses white," but they held something for the girl that every other flower in life would lack.

So at least she felt as she put them carefully away, their poor old dwindled stalks wrapped in silver paper, and some of the faded leaves encased for their more complete security in one corner of an embroidered pocket-handkerchief. So she felt then, but people get over things, "love and unlove and forget" in this wicked, weak, changeful world.

It would soon be time to go; happily she would not be compelled to see much more of Kate, whose manner had changed to her so completely and unkindly. She was telling herself this when Kate herself came to the door with a pale face and a constrained mien.

"Harold Ffrench wants to speak to you alone, Theo," she said; "he is down in the little drawing room, I have agreed to it, go."

She needed no further bidding, she was down by his side almost before the echo of Kate's words had died upon her ear. She was down by his side and she was happy.

"Theo," he began, hurriedly, "I heard what Linley said to you last night; do you believe that it was a horrible agony to me to hear it, and not to be able to save you from a repetition of it?"

She had not deemed it so before, but she believed it now as she watched his face.

"It *was* horrible, horrible, but I was powerless then." He paused and stood further from her, she watching him intently the while; then he went on,—"To-day I learn that a chain that bound me to a silence so painful and ignominious is snapped, broken suddenly, awfully, but thoroughly: I am called away at once, but I must speak to you, though not to the world before I go. Theo, will you be my wife when I come back, as I shall soon, free?"

She gave a low cry, and held her hands out towards him. He did not take them at first, but repeated—

"Will you trust me? will you be my wife when I come back, my darling, to whom I dare not even yet show all the love I feel?"

"Oh, Harold, tell me," she began, but he stopped her by saying:

"What this chain was? no, not yet. Forgive me; I dared not risk leaving you with this untold, though all may not be told yet." Then he took her hand and just pressed his lips to it, whispered, "I have your heart's promise, my darling," and was gone.

There was no need to tell Kate what had transpired, she fathomed it all the instant she saw Theo.

"He did not stay long. What is this fresh mystery?" Kate asked, and Theo answered:

"I don't know; he told me not to ask till he came back and made me his wife." Then the feminine desire for a confidant obtained possession, and she added,—"He seemed afraid to be with me, and kissed my hand as if I had been a duchess instead of what I am to be to him, you know." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FUTURE.

Let us attempt to look into the future, when, only one century hence, the people of the United States will have reached, irrespective of emigration, the number of three hundred millions. The human mind, at this period, will have reached a high state of development, and science and the arts will flourish as we little dream of at this time. He who could predict the flourishing state of science and art, would no doubt be looked upon as a Eutopian dreamer, and more capacitated for composing poetry than to take cognizance of the rigid deductions of science. Still, we will attempt it; for we would rather be the author of one plain, unpretending truth, than of a thousand fascinating and brilliant fictions; so, please mistake us not for an idealist. We love truth—taking the sublimity of the word in its proper meaning, and not the triviality of it in its slovenly and popular use, for that which is immortal and immutable must excite the deepest sentiments of reverence.

In the future, the people will have revealed a degree of refinement and luxury we know not of in this age. It was but a brief time ago that candles, and lamps containing oil, were the methods of illumination. These soon yielded to the more cleanly and brighter coal gas; and, notwithstanding the gas companies continue to increase the price of their product, the people will have it rather than to return to the greasy oil lamps and candles. So, in the future, will it be with heating agents, as well as the illuminating. Gas will be used exclusively for culinary purposes,—not coal gas, but the more heating gas derived from passing the vapor of water through ignited carbon. This latter gas, although possessed of no illuminating qualities, is eminently combustible, and in burning gives out immense heat. This gas can be made at a mere nominal cost, certainly not over ten cents the thousand feet. Companies will be formed to furnish this gas exclusively for heating purposes. Pipes will be laid through the streets, and running into every parlor and kitchen, carry this cleanly and ready source of heat throughout the house, prepared to be lighted in an instant, and giving out a pure flame containing an immense heat at a very low price. We have frequently wondered that such companies have not already organized, for there is more money to be made out of this portable fuel than in all the illuminating gas in the world. Already the people are using coal gas for heating purposes; but the water gas gives much more heat, and could be afforded at one-quarter the price, allowing a sufficient margin of profit to pay enormous dividends.

Not only will water be used for heating purposes in the dwelling-houses, but the manufactories will use it, instead of, or in conjunction with coke. Water is cheaper than anything else; and, when economically decomposed, furnishes the most powerful heat we can get. The two gases generated when it is decomposed, by passing its vapor through incandescent coke, (viz., carbonic oxide, and light carburretted hydrogen,) are pure, and burn with a pale-blue, or yellowish-blue flame. They are very permanent gases; for no cold that this climate will sustain, will deteriorate or condense them. It has been urged against the employment of these water gases, that they are explosive. Such is the case with most combustible gases, not excepting coal gas. If these gases have a certain amount of air, or oxygen, mixed with them, they become explosive; but in these days, when the plumber and gas-fitter have arrived to such a degree of perfection in their arts, there is but little danger of the pipes leaking to such an extent as to involve an explosion.

The reader is aware that the alkaloid, *quinine*, is derived from the bark of a tree growing in Peru, and the adjoining states. These valuable trees have been ruthlessly chopped down for the purpose of procuring their bark; and to such a degree has this vandalism been done, that they are getting scarce. Quinine is a substance that could not be dispensed with; for its febrifuge properties are so great, that its extinction would involve the most disastrous consequences. What are we to do, after the destruction of the *Cinchona Pubescens* has been accomplished? This question has forced itself upon the French Government to such a degree, that a valuable reward has been offered to that chemist who will form the quinine artificially. This is a problem that is not at all impossible. Dr. Hoffman has almost effected it. Quinine is a complex alkaloid, and contains not less than thirty-five atoms, and although he has not formed a salt containing the exact number of atoms that quinine has, still he has got a substance that comes so near to its composition, that the febrifuge properties are closely allied to it. This new substance, unfortunately, has the property of communicating a bright yellow color, not only to vegetable substances, but likewise to the human frame itself, and hence this precludes its use as a medicine. But as quinine has been so nearly approached in this age, we do not hesitate to predict that it will be formed artificially in a future age. And so, likewise, will morphine, and several other valuable alkaloids, that modern medicine could ill dispense with.

It is a significant fact, that as soon as a substance which becomes valuable to man, begins to fail in its supply, human ingenuity soon supplies the loss. So long as quinine is furnished in sufficient quantity by the *Cinchona Pubescens*, or *Cordifolia*, there is no incentive for the chemist to exert himself to discover an artificial mode for its preparation; but as soon as this valuable tree begins to fail, then the genius of science will be invoked for a substitute.

The most beautiful dyes are now made artificially, as are also those flavoring and fragrant substances that a short time ago were deemed too occult in their composition for the chemist to dream of preparing.*

It would, perhaps, be politic not to attempt any lofty flights in our predictions of the future, and therefore we shall not essay to descant upon those *Flying Machines* that future generations are, perhaps, destined to navigate the air in. This age has witnessed the curious spectacle of men being buoyed high up into the air by means of the small specific gravity of hydrogen gas. If this much has been accomplished, are we not justified, therefore, in predicting that in time these machines may be made subservient to the will of man, and that a mere touch of his hand will direct their course whithersoever he pleases?

The expression of the nineteenth century is the steam engine. By its means all travelling is done, and all power is attained, with but few exceptions. The railroad is the great avenue of travel, and thousands of persons are daily dragged by the rapidly travelling locomotive to all parts of this great country. Future generations will avail themselves of the pressure of the atmosphere for purposes of rapid travel. In fact, a railway conducted upon this principle is now in operation in London. Small railways (if they may be so designated) have been in use for several years, for the purpose of carrying the mail, and small parcels, to various parts of London; but it is only quite lately that this mode of travel has been made available for people. With the exception that the passenger will be necessitated to travel by gaslight, and thus will lose a view of the scenery of the country he is passing through, this new mode of travel will be attended with the most desirable advantages. All accidents will cease in this railway, and, therefore, the passenger may lie down and feel all that security he would expect to enjoy if simply located within his own sleeping chamber, and all this time flying along at the rate of from sixty to one hundred miles per hour! Travelling by this method would be done, doubtless, by night. It would be agreeable to throw yourself upon a luxuriant couch, where the horrid din and rattle of the present railway would be dispensed with, and, after a night of refreshing slumber, find yourself a thousand miles from the spot you were when you closed your eyes in sleep!

But a truce to these predictions. Such is the peculiarly promising state of science at the present time—so rapid its transitions, so vigorous its prosecution, so great the numbers of persons who are cultivating it, and so finely developed their intellects, that all the most fertile imagination could dream of (if kept within the bounds of the physical laws) will, no doubt, be realized by future generations.

We do not predict that they will discover the "Philosopher's Stone," or the "Grand Alcabest," or the "Universal Solvent," which, poured upon lead, will transmute it into gold, for these are beyond the domain of science; but we do predict that discoveries will be made, which, to the present generation, would appear marvellous and incomprehensible.

Although the writer of this has but reached "middle age," we well remember the wise predictions of scientific men when we were a boy. Dr. Lardner asserted that no vessel would be able to cross the Atlantic ocean propelled by steam, for the reason that a sufficient amount of coal could not be carried for that purpose. It was a startling assertion of scientific men, that the fleeting and evanescent shadows of the camera obscura could never be fixed—and now behold the advanced state of photography!

We will conclude this desultory article with an anecdote:—On the 10th day of August, 1846, we arrived at the port of New York, on board the steamship "Great Britain"—being the first iron vessel, and the first propelled by a screw, that had ever crossed the ocean. Upon landing, we met the venerable Professor Renwick, who took us by the hand, and exclaimed:—"This day twenty years ago I delivered a public lecture in this city, wherein I predicted that the child was then born who would witness a steamship cross the Atlantic. The audience, who were composed of our most enlightened citizens, burst out into derisive laughter, which continued for some time. To-day, sir, I take by the hand a man who has not only crossed the Atlantic by steam, but who has ridden in a vessel made of iron, and propelled by a screw!"—*Eclectic Medical Journal.*

* It is not a little singular that the most fragrant and delightfully flavored substances should be produced from the most disgusting materials. From the drainings of the horse-stable, and from the most putrid cheese, and rancid butter, the most fragrant of these essences are made. Several of them are likewise prepared from the fetid coal-tar.

The Real and the Ideal.

It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life. The quality variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable visions of romance; "but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!" Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

☞ DATES OF SECESSION.—The following may be of some importance in answering inquiries:

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860.
Mississippi seceded January 9, 1861.
Alabama seceded January 11, 1861.
Florida seceded Janury 11, 1861.
Georgia seceded January 19, 1861.
Louisiana seceded January 26, 1861.
Texas seceded March 4, 1861.
Virginia seceded April 24, 1861.
Arkansas seceded May 6, 1861.
North Carolina seceded May 21, 1861.
Tennessee seceded June 9, 1861.

☞ Mr. Frank Buckland writes:—"I lately heard of a shepherd who possesses a dumb sheep-dog; but though the poor beast has no voice, he is very clever at driving sheep. In order, therefore, to make up the deficiency of his dog, the shepherd stands still while the dog is driving the sheep, and barks himself, thus quite upsetting the theory that it is "no good to keep a dog and bark oneself.'"

☞ In the beginning of the month of September last, Sheridan was simply a captain in the 13th Infantry. Twenty days later he became a brigadier, and in less than two months' time a major-general in the regular service. Such are the rewards of gallantry and skill.

Victor Hugo's Christmas Fete.

This distinguished individual is now as popularly known for his liberality and kindness to poor children as for his literary taste and productions. Forty-one children are entertained fortnightly—say twenty on the Thursday of each week—at Hauteville House, the residence of the poet, where they partake of a substantial dinner, being waited upon by Madame Hugo and her noble family with kind courtesy and condescension. In addition to this, these children are entertained each year to a Christmas *fete*.

The children were received at Hauteville House at noon on Thursday last, when they were regaled with an excellent luncheon, which they thoroughly enjoyed; after which they were conducted into another apartment, in which, on a large table, never employed to better purpose, were ranged different lots of warm, useful wearing apparel, each lot bearing the name of the child for whom it was intended. This distribution of clothing having taken place, the folding doors were thrown open, when the children, together with the guests present, had the gratification and pleasure of the better than "fairy sight" of a fine Christmas fir-tree, gloriously lit and loaded with choice toys, beautiful flags, and delicious oranges; the Union Jack—"the flag which, for a thousand years, has braved the battle and the breeze"—being the top and crowning ensign of them all.

The tree was soon stripped of its gems, each child receiving such toys as fell to its lot; but although this was a lottery there was not a single blank, each child held a full ticket which infallibly drew a valuable prize. The joy manifested in the happy countenances and bright eyes of these young children on receiving so many proofs of kindness may be well supposed; it was a most gratifying sight to behold.

The children were waited upon by Madame Hugo and Madame Chenay with hearty good will, assisted by several ladies and the domestics of the house.

Victor Hugo, just before the distribution of the clothing took place, gave an eloquent address to the guests present, in French, of which, in the following report, we give only a brief and imperfect outline of its line of argument, beauty of conception, and force of illustration:

"Ladies, to you I would address myself for a few minutes on the subject of this, what I call my little Christmas feast. I admire charity; it is a Christian virtue, and as such its exercise has done and is doing much for the relief of human suffering. However, this little weekly entertainment which I have established for children of poor parents, irrespective of country and of creed, I look upon not as an act of charity but of fraternity. This is the third year of its anniversary, and each time I have only the same thing to repeat. It is but a very small act, a very small seed, which, however, may, and, I am happy to say, has borne fruit. The poor child is under a moral fatality, and we should ask, What can I do to remove it? Some take one way, some another—I take this—to improve it. The commissioners appointed by the Republican Government of France to examine and report on the cause of sickness and death of so large a proportion of the children of the poor born in that kingdom, stated in their report that the chief cause was the want of nourishing food. They added that if even one good substantial meat dinner, with one glass of pure wine, were given monthly to each poor child, their health and strength would be greatly promoted, and their lives preserved. It struck me that it would be well for one to carry out the suggestion practically. But the public duties which I had to fulfill in Paris prevented my doing so then. I have to thank M. Louis Bonaparte that, owing to my exile, I have been enabled to do so, and now that I am away from the bustle and political duties of Paris. He has thus unconsciously been the means of enabling me to do what was in my heart. (Here the guests were sensibly affected, some even to tears.) Forty-one children, whom you see around you, come in two divisions, to twenty of whom we give a dinner each Thursday of the week, so that each of them has, to my knowledge, not one but two, substantial meat dinners every month of the year. In all of them we see marked improvement; their health is good, their strength much greater. This physical improvement is, at the same time, moral and mental improvement. It is a well-known fact that the robust and healthy child will possess a superior degree of moral power and intellectual development to the weak and sickly one. We further insist that all those who would continue to be our guests must learn to read, or else they will have to be replaced by others; hence their anxiety to learn. We wish to teach them the divine doctrines of equality and fraternity. To do so we, the members of my family, wait upon them and serve them at table; so that finding themselves waited upon by those whom they are taught to look upon as rich and noble, they may in early life understand the sublime doctrine of the equality of mankind, the divine fraternity of the human family. There are some philosophers who find sixteen or seventeen original Adams. I do not participate in such views; I hold to the Scriptural doctrine of one Adam only, the father of all mankind. We are thus one family, one sacred brotherhood, sprung from one stock, partakers of one nature; hence there is not, properly speaking, the rich and the poor, for all are from one original father; the difference being that one brother has more of this world's goods than another, which, however, is of an uncertain, fleeting, and transitory nature. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that if 'one Adam' had not been made known to us it would have been necessary to invent or at least to desire one. Rich children may become poor men and women. Well, if during their prosperity they have ministered unto others, and some of these poor children may become rich and noble, they may then remember these days; and from these they may be prompted to act in a similar manner towards the poor children of their future years. But we do not forget that the children of the rich have their toys at this festive season of the year; nor can we forget that poor children love toys equally as much as their more fortunate brothers. We provide them with clothes, as you see: first, because necessaries before all things should be provided and bestowed, and when these have been distributed we shall proceed to a distribution of toys. I said that this weekly meal was a small seed sown, and that already it has borne fruit. I am happy in being informed, that from it similar institutions on a large scale are in active operation in South America, in Sweden, in France, in Switzerland, in England, and in several other countries. A report of one established in London by a worthy clergyman was sent me yesterday, with a drawing of the room and children at table (the drawing was then handed round for inspection to the company present), in which, as you will find, supported by generous contributions, two substantial dinners are given weekly to 1,400 children."

This agreeable *fete* reminded the guests present of the conduct and commands of our Lord, who went about doing good; and its effect cannot but prove an incentive to all to go and do likewise. At the conclusion, an unexpected but highly-appreciated act of kindness took place. The ladies present drew lots for a beautiful illustrated album of music, in which the distinguished poet had inscribed, together with his valuable autograph, a memorial of the *fete*.—*Guernsey Mail.*

A Millionaire.

The will of Mr. H. Gurney, of Keswick, Norfolk, and St. James's, Westminster, was proved in London under £1,100,000 personality in England. The executors are John Henry Gurney; Daniel Gurney, of North Runcton, near Lynn; and Francis Hay Gurney, of Thorpe, Norwich. The attesting witnesses are Frederick Janson, solicitor, Basinghall street, and George George, land agent, Gringleford. The will is dated the 26th of June, 1860, and there are six codicils, the last dated the 26th of October, 1864, and the testator died on the 9th of November. There are many legacies. The principal legatee is John Henry Gurney (the testator's second cousin, and son-in-law of testator's late brother, Joseph Henry Gurney.) To him he has devised the mansion and freehold of Keswick, and all other his real estates, and has left to him the plate, library, manuscripts, and family reminiscences as heirlooms, bequeathing £5,000 for the erection of a room suitable to contain his collection; and further bequeaths in trust for him the sum of £160,000, to be invested and settled in the same manner with the inheritance of the freeholds, appointing him also residuary legatee of the personal estate. And the testator further directs that the sum of £120,000 shall also be invested in the purchase of real property, to be held in trust for the sons (according to seniority) of the late John Gurney, of Earlham (who was the son of testator's late cousin, Samuel Gurney, of Upton-street.) To his said cousin and executor, Daniel Gurney, he leaves £120,000; to his said executor, Francis Hay Gurney (eldest son of the said Daniel Gurney), £20,000. Amongst the legatees is Mr. W. H. Covington, of Barclay and Bevan's Bank, 100 guineas, and a like sum to gentlemen in Gurney's Norwich Bank; and legacies to others in the brewery of which the testator was principal partner. Annuities and legacies to his domestics, and £10 for each year they have been in his service. The charitable bequests are:—To the Old People's Hospital, St. Helen's, Norwich, £1,000; Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, £1,000; Quakers' Monthly Meeting, in Norwich (to which his family had belonged), £1,000; Norwich Public Library, £100; Norwich Library Institution, £100. He leaves £2,000 to be placed at the entire discretion of his executors in providing for such minor allowances as he had been in the habit of making; and, as they fall in, the principal to be given to charities in and about Norwich and elsewhere, where he had property. All charitable bequests, legacies, and annuities not exceeding £20,000 are to be paid free of legacy duty.—*Illustrated London News.*

How to Dress for a Photograph.

A lady or gentleman, having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is, photographically, black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of those colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus:—white, light-blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark-blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise, magenta, yellow-green, dark-brown, purple, red, amber, morone, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark *dresses*, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of colors should be especially guarded against. In photography brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black, whilst the "bonnie blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer, for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair, is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan and freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead: Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though not very becoming, will be found very efficacious, and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor. The cause of freckles is simple enough. It is nothing more than the darkening of the salts of iron contained in the blood by the action of light. A freckled face is, therefore, an animated photograph.—"*Those Who Live in Glass Houses*," &c., *in All the Year Round.*

☞ The total number of bales of cotton in the Confederacy at the present time is estimated by rebel cotton-dealers at seven million bales. At $700 a bale, this cotton would be worth four thousand nine hundred millions of dollars, or enough to pay the recorded debts of the United States and Confederate States combined, or more than enough to pay the entire debt of Great Britain.

☞ AMERICANS ABROAD.—Capt. John Henry Bell, formerly of the "Cooper Institute," New York, has been promoted by Abdul Aziez to the position of Lord Admiral of the Turkish navy. The Admiral came to this country when a child. He is first cousin to one of our Presbyterian ministers in this city.

AFFECTATION.

Of old, a spade was called a "spade,"
By simples and by sages;
A "workman" did his honest "work,"
And "servants" earned their "wages."
A "man" was title of respect,
Whenever virtue named it;
There was but one of higher worth,
And lovely "woman" claimed it.
But now we masquerade with words—
The truth a great offence is—
And desecrate our mother tongue
By pride and false pretences.

We shame the language of our sires,
We talk so mild and meekly;
We've "operatives" for working men,
And draw our "salaries" weekly;
Our "lady" takes the place of "wife,"
That word so true and hearty;
And every "man's a "a gentleman,"
Unless we call him "party."
The "shopman" hates the name of "shop,"
And by perversion later,
The man who digs a railway trench
Is called a "navigator."

O give me back our honest speech!
It had a soul of beauty:
And let us do our daily "work,"
And think it pleasant "duty."
Let's earn our "wages" as of yore—
The word can never harm us;
Let's love our "sweethearts" and our "wives,"
And own that "women" charm us.
So shall our actions, like our words,
Be void of affectation,
And "spade" be spade, and "man" be man,
Throughout the Yankee nation.

Where the Cold Comes From.

The Smithsonian Institute, through its extended system of meteorological observations, has been enabled to make some very curious investigations respecting the three memorable cold days of January, 1859. It was found that the cold of the three days above mentioned swept progressively over the country like a wave, coming down from the Arctic regions, and first entering the territory of the United States at the extreme North-West, among the Rocky Mountains. It was experienced at Utah some three days before it reached the banks of the Northern Mississippi, and was heralded by telegraph in Minnesota some two days before it reached Washington. At Buffalo it was some hours in advance of Boston, and was felt last on the Atlantic ocean, where it appears to have vanished. This cold wave also swept south in a most remarkable manner, and progressively appeared in Florida and other Southern states, and the last pulsations, as it died away in this direction, were experienced in Central America, and among the West India Islands. Taken all in all, it was one of the most remarkable meteorological phenomena ever noticed, and the facts collected seem to prove that the originating impulse came from the extreme north-western portions of the American continent.

☞ THE VALUE OF A COMMA.—M. Edmund About wrote, in a report of the Fine Arts Exhibition:—"M. Lepere is skillful, educated, more than intelligent." M. Lepere inquired, by note, of the writer what he meant. "What do you mean to say, sir? I am very much afraid you mean to say that I am better educated than intelligent, and that the comma signifies nothing. And even if it is there, it might not have been there." M. About replied: "The comma proves, sir, that I look upon you as a man who is educated, and more than intelligent." M. Lepere was not satisfied, and appealed to the law to redress his grievance. M. About answered: "I am challenged to explain, and to say if that comma be a serious, solid, established, intentional comma, and if I meant to say that M. Lepere was both an educated man and a man of remarkable intelligence, I hasten to declare that I was still under that impression when I wrote my article, that is to say, *a fortnight ago.*"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull. Sales about 7,000 bbls, mostly common to choice extra and extra family at $10,25@11,25 for the former, and $11,25@12,50 for the latter. Rye Flour—Sales at $9@9,25 ℔ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. Sales reach about 18,000 bushels, mostly prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, at $2,65@2,90; white ranges at $2,75@2,95. Rye—Sales at $1,75@1,77. Corn—Sales 20,000 bushels new yellow at $1,75@1,79. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bushels at 91@93c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product is very dull. Dressed Hogs are selling in lots at $6,50@7 the 100 lbs, and Mess Pork at $39@40 ℔ bbl. Beef is steady at $22@23 ℔ bbl for Mess—the latter for extra—and Beef Hams at $28@29 ℔ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are very light. Green Meats are selling at 20@21c for pickled Hams, and 18½@19c for salted and pickled Shoulders. Lard—Sales of tes at 23@24c. Butter is dull at 40@45c for roll, and 45@50c for packed. Cheese is quiet at 18@21c for Western and New York state. Eggs continue scarce at 47@48c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach 250 bales at 80c@$1,05 for middlings.

BARK—Sales Quercitron at $40 for 1st No 1.

BEESWAX remains quiet at 70c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market is quiet. Schuylkill White Ash, lump, ℔ ton, $8,25@9; Prepared do, $8,25@9; Red Ash, $7,50@9; Lehigh, lump, $9@9,50; Prepared, $9@9,50; by retail, do, $10,50@11; Schuylkill prepared, $9@10.

COFFEE—Sales 700 bags Rio at 42@45c.

FEATHERS—Sales 800 lbs good Western at 77@78c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Sales are limited at 2½@3 for green Apples and $2½@2¾ for Cranberries. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and range at 12@15c for Apples, 25@30c for unpared Peaches and 30@35c ℔ lb for pared do.

HAY is firm at $30@35 ℔ ton for baled.

HOPS—The demand is limited at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is dull; we quote Anthracite Pig nominally at $45@55 for the three numbers, cash.

OILS—Of Petroleum, we hear of nothing doing. Holders ask 48@50c for crude, and 68@70c for refined, in bond.

PLASTER—Sales $5½ ℔ ton for soft.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off, and the market is unsettled, at $15@16, mostly at $15,25@15,50 ℔ bushel. Timothy is quiet at $6,25@6,50, and Flaxseed has declined to $3,75@3,80 ℔ bush.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is held at $2,60, and is quiet. Whiskey is lower, and the sales limited at $2,33@2,37 for Pennsylvania and western bbls.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet. 250 hhds Cuba found buyers, in lots, at 19@19c, and 550 boxes Nos 9 and 10 at 18½c.

TALLOW—Sales limited at 16c for country, and 17c ℔ lb for city rendered.

WOOL—Sales at 95c@$1,03 for fine and medium fleece, and $1,10@1,15 for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from $10 to 17,50 ℔ 100 lbs. 3000 Hogs at from $17,50 to 19 @ ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 8 to 11 cts ℔ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 45 ℔ head.

Remarkable China Ware.

An oil millionaire, out of gratitude to the source whence his wealth was derived, and with a desire to keep it before his mind, has had a complete set of table equipage made in Philadelphia, of china and glass. The embellishments of the plates, dishes and tureens are *fac similes* of the apparatus used in producing petroleum. The dishes bear on the centre beautiful vignette views, representing wells in process of boring, with the derricks over the orifice. The tureens are similarly adorned, while each separate piece is blazoned with vignettes descriptive and illustrative of the process of harvesting petroleum. The entire set is of the most costly character. The china is the finest and best imported, and the decorations are in the highest style of the decorator's art. The Messrs. Kerr were instructed to spare no pains in executing them, and they acted accordingly. The decanters, wine goblets and tumblers are alike engraved with the insignia of petroleum. The completed ware is a curiosity. Nothing like it was ever seen in these parts.

☞ General A. J. Smith, the dashing cavalry leader of the West, is a man nearly fifty years old; he wears glasses, his hair is white or rather grizzly; he speaks quickly, moves briskly, is nervous and restless. He is a man of small stature, comely of dress, and abrupt in his address, though kind of heart, the officers of his command say.

STARTLING! BUT TRUE.—The volunteers are braving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds and Cholera. Many a gallant fellow will leave his bones to bleach, who, by the aid of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, would have returned to his family strong and healthy. Soldiers, try them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many druggists will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.60 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one tablespoonful of DR. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T. BABBIT, Agent, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.
Henry C. Kellogg, Agent, S. W. corner of Chestnut and Water Sts., Philadelphia. jan28 4t

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, gives the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 4th St., Philadelphia. jan17-4t

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER AND DRESSING.—Restores Gray Hair without Dyeing. A Sure Preventive of Baldness
1.—It will free one gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.
Sold by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 324 North SIXTH Street, Philada. Price 75 cents; six bottles, $4.
jan14-eowtf

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 44 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best Furs at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

BEAUTY.
HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.25. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 123 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. jan14-4t

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Jan., at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard D. D., Col. GEORGE W. HEADLEY, U. S. A., to Miss AGNES EALA, daughter of Philo D. Mickles, Esq., both of Syracuse, N. Y.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHRISTIAN OSBURGH, to Miss MARY A. CLEMENT, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 5th of Jan., by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Aldav, Mr. JAMES W. DENNIS to HANNAH P. ALLEN, both of Pittsgrove, Salem county, N. J.

In Wenonyunk, on the 22d of Jan., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM B. EVERMAN, of Bridgeborough, to Miss SARAH J. PERKIN, of Lower Merion.

On the 15th of Oct., 1864, by the Rev. J. O. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHRISTIAN NEUNER to Miss ELIZABETH A. FULMER, both of this city.

On the 7th of Jan., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOEL E. ADAMS to Miss SALLIE FAUNCE, both of Aurora, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Jan., JOHN RUTHERFORD, Sr., in his 89th year.

On the 26th of Jan., HANNAH, relict of the late Daniel Filey, in her 68th year.

On the 23d of Jan., ELIZABETH M., wife of Chas. Lownsbury, in her 49th year.

On the 2d of Jan., SAMUEL F., son of John and Elenor Housman, in his 22d year.

On the 23d of Jan., Mr. WILLIAM P. RICHER, in his 45th year.

On the 23d of Jan., Mr. GEORGE WOOD, in his 6th year.

On the 23d of Jan., Mr. THOMAS H. DAVIS, in his 53d year.

On the 22d of Jan., Mr. THOMAS LAOTD, of Birmingham, England, aged 82 years.

On the 2d inst. of Jan., SUSANNA, relict of the late Jos. Addis, in her 87th year.

On the 21st inst., SARAH ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Albright, in her 50th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
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We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS,
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar12-1y

☞ Whittier's Barbara Freitchie was, we are informed by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, so much appreciated by the Emperor of Brazil that he read it again and again in English in the presence of a number of gentlemen of the Court, and then brought it before the Princesses and their husbands, just arrived from Europe (the Count d'Eu and the Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha,) as one of the finest specimens of poetry in any language embodying heroic female patriotism.

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Which are convertible at maturity into
SIX PER CENT. 5-20 BONDS.
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GOLD PENS AND CASES!
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No. 218 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1.50, a SOLID SILVER BADGE, (pure coin,) appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontoneer, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company, handsomely engraved thereon.
And for $1.50 I will send a FINE GOLD PEN, (warranted,) with SILVER EXTENSION-CASE and PENCIL.
And for $3 I will send a Solid GOLD-ENAMELED MASONIC PIN.
☞ AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular. jan28 6t

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ANY ONE can clear $10 daily by sending stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, 239 Broadway, N. Y. feb4-2t

AGENTS WANTED.—One half profit. Address Box 317 Boston, Mass. jan28-4t

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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feb27-1f 109 Nassau street, New York City.

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SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—
No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65
No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100
No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
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N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

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Will force a luxuriant growth in from 4 to 8 weeks, and no humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circulars free. Sent post-paid, for $1 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $2. Address A. N. GAYLORD,
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AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 18 White st., New York. jan7-3m

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.
WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.
PROFESSOR BOLLES'
ELECTRICAL INSTITUTE,
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DR. S. W. BECKWITH, Successor,
Formerly Principal Operator.
All Acute and Chronic diseases cured by special guarantee, if desired, and in case of failure no charge is made.
These are strictly but two conditions of disease—one of inflammation, or positive; the other weak, debilitated, negative; and as Electricity contains these two conditions in the action of the positive and negative currents, all we have to do is to neutralize the disease and restore proper healthy action.
We do not wish to convey the impression that we cure all diseases in all conditions. We cannot cure consumption after the lungs are all destroyed; yet we do assert, and are prepared to practically demonstrate, that hundreds of cases of almost every form of chronic disease, pronounced incurable by the best medical practitioners of the country, have been radically CURED, some of them in an incredibly short time, by our Electrical treatment. Its great superiority over other practices in the cure of disease is also attested in the fact that, within the past five years, *over fourteen thousand* past ills have been treated at this office, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to humanity, and in nearly all cases a benefit or perfect cure has been effected. Therefore, with these FACTS to prove our theory and treatment of disease, we are willing to guarantee any diseases by special contract, if the patient desires, provided there is strength enough in the system to react, which we can tell by an examination.
TO LADIES we can recommend this treatment as one of UNVARIED SUCCESS. Almost innumerable cases have come under treatment at our office who can testify to this fact. MRS. A. FULTON, a lady of great experience and ability, has entire charge of the Ladies' Department, and all delicacy will be used toward those who entrust themselves to her care. In female diseases she has had a large experience, and can confidently promise the most gratifying results.
TO THE AFFLICTED.—The treatment is mild and gentle, producing no shock or unpleasant sensation whatever. Our professional intercourse with the afflicted will ever be characterized by perfect candor and honesty, and those whose complaints are incurable or do not admit of amelioration, will be frankly told so, and not accepted for treatment. It matters not what may be your complaint or how long you may have suffered, or how much, or what course of treatment you may have been subjected to, or what disappointments you have experienced; if the system is not worn out—if sufficient vitality remains for reaction—there is a fair prospect of recovery. feb4-4t

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.
This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:
From the New York Evening Post.
"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree, that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."
From Godey's Lady's Book.
ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.
From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.
ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of facility." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, obtaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly," and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."
The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.
jan14-4t

BEWARE THE NORTHEASTER!—BROWN'S PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS and WINDOW BANDS totally exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from doors and windows. They stop the rattling of sashes, save one half the fuel, and are warranted for five years.
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jan28-2t

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Single one, as sample, sent to any address on receipt of 15 00
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THE CELEBRATED ROYAL ENGINEER STANDARD TIME-KEEPER, a rare novelty, with PATENT WEATHER DIAL, used by all British Officers. Adjusted machinery containing a perfect THERMOMETER and COMPASS, full jewels, polished cap, SOLID GOLD, composite double hunting spring cases, rich patterns. WARRANTED FOR ONE YEAR. Invaluable to the SOLDIER, SAILOR, and TRAVELLER. Each Watch sent in morocco case, with key, &c., complete. Price per case of six (will sell readily at $75 or $ 00 ea h) 138 00
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Just out. The FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and *elegantly constructed* NOVELTY; is perfectly noiseless in operation; uses the *straight needle*; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD; makes the running stitch more *perfect* and regular than by hand; will *gather, hem, ruffle, skirr, tuck, run up breadths*, &c., &c. Requires no instruction or *change of stitch*; is not *liable to get out of order*, and will LAST A LIFE-TIME, and is the prettiest and most useful *Christmas or New Year's Gift* for a lady. *See Opinions of the Press.*—"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a *child* can use it."—*N. Y. Independent*. "This *ingenious* and useful machine is *perfect* in its construction, and has *none of the faults* of the *high-priced machines*. No one will pay $50 or $100 for a sewing machine when *this one* can be bought for $5.—*N. Y. Weekly*. This wonderful machine was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM by the New York State Fair, showing its superiority *over all others*.—*N. Y. Revedlle*. Imitations or *infringements* of this GENUINE Article are liable to prosecution. Agents of perseverance are wanted all over the world, and will be paid $100 *per month*.
Single machine well packed in boxes, will be sent to any address, per express, on receipt of $5. Address all orders FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO., 102 Nassau St., New York.
jan28-2t

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President Champion Sewing Machine Co.,
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N. B. This machine does not infringe on any sewing machine. jan28 4t

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec 9-12t

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nov26-3m

Pamphlets directing how to operate, &c., 25 cents, or two specimens without cost of letter or medicine. Sent by mail from receipt of 10 cts. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.
jan7-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Valuable Oil Land.

"Mr. Skiltz, an eminent Analytical Chemist," submits the following report to the Secretary of a new Petroleum Oil Company:—

The mining corps, under the direction of Professor Kratzhalptgu, first penetrated the earth at eighteen points by means of artesian wells. This examination developed the existence of petroleum in incredible quantities. No less than 400,000 barrels per day is assured of. I tasted the oil myself. It will make an excellent salad oil, and with very little difficulty may be prepared for use on the hair.

For lubricating purposes it is incomparable, and it is highly esteemed for wounds in battle, and all other cases of a gangilous or epigastrian nature. I have no hesitation in saying that these wells are the richest in the world, or any other of which we are informed. A man living in the neighborhood informs me that he has been sick for ninety-odd years, and has always used the petroleum upon his cart-wheels. Such is the inexhaustible nature of the yield, that an aqueduct might be built for a very small sum to carry the oil direct to New York or Europe. An artificial fountain and lake of oil might be formed in the vicinity, or an oil canal constructed to float the barrels upon. The oil also yields a variety of excellent perfumes, such as new-mown hay, Jockey-club, jessamine, west-end, etc. It is an invaluable substitute for butter, and has been known to fry eels to a delicious brown before the animals had done wriggling. Its pariffinous nature makes it go well with pastry. It makes pudding at sea and *pies on shore*.

In addition to this, it contains a large residuum of gold.

The following analysis shows the incredible richness of this oil:

Benzole,	1
Chloride of Sodium,	1
Pure Petroleum,	45
Orange Co. butter,	11
Hair oil, in bottles,	6
Gold coin,	30
Paraffine candles,	4
Calves-foot jelly,	2
Parts,	100

Many samples are richer. I possess one which yields two gallons of hair oil and a pound of butter to the gallon of petroleum. In boring for the oil, a fine vein of port wine was struck. This might be bottled and sent to market. It is supposed to be over 500,000 years old, and must be good. There is also promise of striking a large subterranean mine of sardines. Preserved in oil, these fish must be delicious.

Besides the above advantages, there are not wanting indications of a fertile yield of quinine, which, while the war lasts, must bring a large revenue to the company. Quinine baths might be constructed, and the quinine itself conducted to the various government hospitals by pipes.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
OILY GAMMON,
Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

How Satan Lost.

The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of several persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line:—

A young man, who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded; the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away; the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a "filibuster," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow; but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed; the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke—"dead broke!" at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

A Pertinent Question.

Not long since a shrewd Yankee came to Boston from New Hampshire to engage in business. His first engagement was to drive a hack for the accommodation of the visitors at that fashionable and elegant hotel the Revere House. He was soon put in charge of two English gentlemen, who desired to see Boston and its environs. After a brief visit to the Navy Yard, they ordered the driver to take them to Bunker Hill. Arriving there, the two gentlemen spent much time in making a thorough examination of the ground and its surroundings. Having satisfied their curiosity so far as the Monument was concerned, they returned to the hack, where they found the driver sitting quietly upon his seat.

"I say, driver," says one of the Englishmen, "this is the place, I believe, where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a dem'd thrashing about eighty years since."

"Well," says the driver, "don't know as I ever heard tell about that; *but who owns the land now?*"

JOKING IN LAWS.—Some years ago there was a bill introduced into the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses. Some appreciative member proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and, amidst much jocularity, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain, and to this day all jackasses, lawyers and doctors, are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

☞ It is a mistake to suppose hydropathy is a recent invention. When Hercules was hunting about for the many-headed snake, he was guided to its den by a hydra-path.

OLD DODGERS.

FIRST TESTY OLD GENT.—"Pray, sir, which side of the pavement do you intend to keep?"
SECOND DITTO.—"Very question I was going to ask you, sir!"

The Lark.

Take it for all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice; for both unite to make it the sweetest, happiest, the welcomest singer that was winged like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstacy of joy when it mounts upon its "glorious privacy of light." On earth it is timid, silent and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature, or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen—reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting voicy. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there wells forth a sea of twittering ecstacy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle or birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration. It seems to spread out its wings and to be lifted straight upward out of sight by the afflatus of its own happy heart.

To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-tree of the rural hamlet, on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial-flights heavenward. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel, almost a miracle. In a still hour, you can hear it almost a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lacework of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.—*Elihu Burritt.*

A Profitable Piece of Ground.

The following is taken from the Massachusetts Spy, communicated to that paper by William Eaton of Auburn, Mass.:

"I planted this year three-quarters of an acre of ground. I planted most of it with the early white potatoes, and raised eighty bushels on the piece, and sold sixty-five bushels for $130 50. The other fifteen I value at $25; value of corn and corn shocks, $11; peas, beans and beets, $12. About Sept. 10, my brother sowed two-thirds with turnips. Two-thirds of them were fed to the fat cattle, with tops and all on, and cut thirty-one bushels. If all the piece had been sowed to turnips there would have been $62 worth.

"The way I managed was thus: I gave the ground in the first place a thorough ploughing, eight inches deep, and then a thorough harrowing. Then I struck it out both ways with a small horse plough, and after that a good shoveling in the hills. I hoed the piece three times; I put one plough both ways every time I hoed it. This half hoeing, half ploughing, half manuring I don't think much of. The manure I used was from one hog and one horse, and the wash from the house and what ashes I had. The beet bed was sixteen and a half feet long and five feet wide, and I used hen manure. I raised four and one-half bushels of turnip-beets on the piece. When the beets were out of the ground I gave them a good sprinkling of ashes. In the fall I gave my hog-pen a good coating of loam about eight inches deep. In the spring I put my horse manure in the pen and give it a thorough working over. In the fall I got it out into the field and gave it another working over. Where I laid the heaps of manure the potatoes were one-third larger and yielded one-third more. When I dug the potatoes I covered the vines and weeds all up, thus keeping the ground light for the turnips. If you will thoroughly manure the ground you plant, you will get your reward for your labor. We brother farmers go over too much ground, and manure and hoe too little."

THE FOLLY OF MANKIND.—A company opened an office in Change Alley, during the South Sea mania, to receive subscriptions for raising a million, for a purpose to be made known after the million was raised! The people flocked in and paid five shillings on every fifty dollars they subscribed! A large sum was thus collected, when an advertisement was published, announcing that the subscribers might have their deposits without any deduction, as the project of the directors was merely a trial to see how many fools they could make in one day.

☞ As before swift ships there swims a hill of water and a corresponding billowy abyss glides along close behind, so always before us is there a mountain, which we hope to climb, and behind us still a deep valley out of which we seem to have ascended.

Coal-Tar Colors.

It is not unreasonable to infer, from the experience of these few years, that the time is not distant when the dyes derived from coal-tar will completely displace all others, as they have already materially diminished the use of such dyes as cochineal, safflower, and prussiate of potash. It is also probable that the production of these new colors will be cheapened, and their fastness improved, from which it may be predicted that the most renowned and hitherto valuable dye-stuffs, such as indigo and madder, will in their turn be superseded. Should this prove to be the case, so far from this country depending upon foreign sources for its dyeing materials, as upon India and South America for indigo, France, Turkey, Holland, and Sicily for madder, Spain for safflower, and Mexico for cochineal, we shall prepare our own more splendid dyes from our coal-fields, in which the luxuriant vegetation of antediluvian times has stored up for our use the colored sunbeams of countless ages. Further, this production of coal-tar colors will also bring some alteration in our commercial relations with other countries, from the fact that besides ceasing to import the various dyeing materials mentioned above, we shall probably supply the world, as in fact we have done of late years France, Germany, and Switzerland, if not with the actual dyes, at least with the substances from which they are derived. As a proof that this inference is not exaggerated, it may be stated that we now export to several parts of the world the substance called sal ammoniac (one of the several ammoniacal salts which may be prepared with the ammonia generated in the distillation of coal), instead of importing a few tons, as formerly, from Ammonia, in Lybia. Another example is, that instead of procuring alum from the Roman states, and, until recently, from Whitby shales, we now manufacture and supply the world with ammoniacal alum, obtained from the refuse of coal pits and gas works.—*Dr. Crace Calvert, in the London Art Journal.*

☞ AN EFFECTUAL DISGUISE.—*Captain*—"What! rhubarb, doctor? I can't stand the taste of that." *Doctor*—"Um! Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll disguise it in a little castor oil."

AGRICULTURAL.

"Such Was Their Awe of Man."

On the borders of the Black Forest a charcoal-burner named Gurtholf lived in a small hut with his family, consisting of his wife and three grown-up children, and an aged man, his wife's father, who had lost his sight many years before by accidentally falling into a lime-pit. Gurtholf and his wife and children were frequently in the habit of going out at an early hour in the morning and not returning till sunset. On these occasions the old blind grandfather was left at home, the door of the hut being generally unfastened; for although robbers were by no means unknown in those inhospitable districts, yet it was not supposed that the humble abode of a charcoal-burner would offer any temptation to their evil disposition. One morning, shortly after Gurtholf with his wife and children had gone out, and the old blind man was sitting before the fire eating his frugal breakfast of black bread and garlic, a lean wolf, driven by hunger (it was in the cheerless month of December,) entered the hut and stealthily approached its unconscious occupant, its dark eyes glaring like live coals, and its white teeth vividly contrasting with its crimson throat. The old man, fancying that the visitor was Gurtholf's dog whose pattering he heard behind him, stretched forth his hand for the purpose of finding it, when the wolf instantly seized it, but as suddenly relaxed its hold and shrunk back as the blind man, addressing it by the name of his canine acquaintance, bent upon his intending assassin his calm and venerable face. At this crisis Gurtholf returned, and the wolf slunk away into the forest, where some days afterwards it was found dead, having literally perished among the snow, of starvation.

BULBS IN DISHES.—When it is desirable to ornament a stand or table with bulbs, you may use any deep vessel, such as a salad bowl or tureen, and fill it up two or three inches with sand, and all the rest of it with fine green moss. Place the bulbs half-way down in the moss. Hyacinths, for this purpose, should be selected to grow the same height. La Mu de Cœur, red, and the same name blue, are dwarf. Place them alternately close to the edge, and get any early white for the centre, but according to the size of the vessel select your bulbs. Water freely, for they must not dry. When the roots reach the sand they will grow strong; but they will do without sand if well supplied with water.

Gossip on Flowers.

One of the nicest places for growing flowers in a town is to have a little conservatory built outside a window. If there is a balcony just inclose that with glass, and have one square to open at the top, instead of the side, as that causes too much draught when the window of the room is also open. I grow in my tiny conservatory geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, myrtles, tropæolums of all kinds, fuchsias; and one of the very nicest creepers to train up the glass is the Japan honeysuckle; it grows so luxuriantly, and I intend now for a trial to leave it in my conservatory all the winter, and see how it behaves in frost. I never attempt grand plants, for I prefer having pretty, although common ones, doing well than more choice ones looking miserable. This autumn I had a quantity of *Lilium lanci folium*, both red and white, and they were so pretty, and their perfume delicious. I always take care to have some nice evergreens potted, ready to bring in (when I remove my summer friends) to make a green back ground; and until my bulbs are ready, I put pots of chrysanthemums at the front next the window of the room. I keep on with evergreens until the end of April, and when my hyacinths, &c., are over, I have pots of nice wallflowers, primroses, and, in fact, anything I can get until my summer plants are again ready. This is an easy plan; at least I find it is, and my window is never empty. I must add that I have a small conservatory, quite away from the house, at the back, and there I keep my plants in readiness for my window. I merely mention this, as perhaps others may think I have to buy my plants fresh each season, and may not like to do that; but plants may be stowed anywhere almost during winter, as long as the *frost* cannot reach them.—*Flora.*

WATERING WINDOW PLANTS.—Miss Maling, the authoress of "Flowers for Window Gardens in Town and Country," thus writes:—There is one universal law as to watering plants which a great many people entirely neglect. The neglect of this one rule causes more blight and more unhealthy plants than perhaps any single thing that can be named besides. I mean the excellent rule of watering them with warm water, always rather warmer than the soil the plants are growing in. People must surely see the check and injury it must be to plants always to get cold food. The organs of tender plants are extremely delicate; and when they are wanted to digest their food it is a bad plan surely to paralyze them with cold. If we feed them, on the other hand, with food a little warm, they are stimulated at once to make the most of their meal. Another important branch of the watering question consists in the washing that all house plants require.—*Building News.*

WATER FOR SHEEP.—There are some farmers, says the Genesee Farmer, who entertain the opinion that sheep do no not need water in winter. Others think if the sheep need any water, they can satisfy their thirst by eating snow! That sheep need water there can be no doubt. In Mr. Lawes's recent experiments, the sheep were allowed all the water they wanted, and those fed on hay alone drank, from February 22nd to March 22nd, on an average, 38 pounds of water per head per week. The next month they drank 40 pounds each per week; the next month 45½ pounds; the next month, 39½ pounds; and during the whole period of seven months each sheep drank on an average, 40½ pounds per week.

FEED OR STOCK.—The farmer who tries to carry his horses, cattle and sheep through the winter without a morsel of anything but dry hay, grain and straw, makes a grave mistake. A few roots—carrots and ruta-bagas, or other sorts of turnips—seem to keep the bowels in good condition, thus contributing to the general health; while at the same time they give a better relish for more solid and nutritive kinds of food. A small mess of them, once a week, if you haven't them to feed oftener, will be very serviceable.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR BROKEN CHILBLAINS.—The yolk of an egg well beaten up, and a teaspoonful of honey; keep stirring them together, sprinkling flour on it from the flour-dredge whilst you are stirring it to make it of a thickish consistency; to be laid on the wound. I have found this remedy infallible, not only for broken chilblains but for sores of all kinds.—*A. B.*

TO PRESERVE MEAT.—Mr. Runge has published the following method for preserving meat:—"In an earthen pot, provided with a good lid, pour an ounce of concentrated acetic acid; place over it, so that it may not touch, a grate of osier or wood, and on this lay the meat to be preserved, and then cover with the lid. The acid, evaporating slowly, envelopes the meat, and at the end of twelve days or a fortnight it is both tender and sweet, with an excellent flavor."

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Have ready two cups; put one teaspoonful of tartaric acid in one cup, one teaspoonful of soda in the other cup; add to each about two tablespoonsful of cold water; stir it well. Make one quart of buckwheat meal into a thick batter, with moderately warm water; add the contents of one of the cups; stir it well; then pour in the contents of the other cup; stir that well also; add to the whole one tablespoonful of melted butter, and bake on a griddle nicely cleaned and greased with good lard. The batter is ready for use as soon as mixed.

SOFAS AND CHAIRS.—If the covers of sofas and chairs are dirty, they may be cleansed without being removed, by first washing them over with warm water and soap rubbed over them with a flannel; then, before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of gaul has been mixed. The windows of the room should be opened, so as to secure a perfect drying, and the colors and freshness of the articles will in this way be restored.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILKS.—Mix together in a phial two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silks are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

RATS AND MICE.—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice, which have such an antipathy to this plant that if their holes be stopped up with it, they will rather die than pass where it has been placed.

☞ The popular man or writer is always the one who is but little in advance of the masses, never the man who is far in advance of them and out of their sight.

THE RIDDLER.

Rebus.

Sagacious fair! you'll first discover
A fruit of which I am a lover;
A bird of prey you next must find,
That, soaring, leaves the clouds behind.
That beauteous youth, as Scriptures tell,
Who 'gainst his father did rebel;
A flower you now must bring to view,
Of rich perfume and crimson hue.

Lastly, fair ladies, you'll combine
With these a sister of the Nine.
Join the initials, they express
A joy we do not now possess.

A stranger now throughout our land,
Soon may she cheer with smiles so bland.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A noble quadruped,
My first you'll find.
My second signifies
The human kind.
My third, a sailing craft,
Is grand and tall.
My whole's a useful art,
Admired by all. EVA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in wheat, but not in grain.
My 2d is in shower, but not in rain.
My 3d is in judge, but not in court.
My 4th is in guns, but not in fort.
My 5th is in fowl, but not in hen.
My 6th is in bird, but not in wren.
My 7th is in soil, but not in earth.
My 8th is in laughter, but not in mirth.
My 9th is in stars, but not in sky.
My 10th is in death, but not in die.
My 11th is in ship, but not in boat.
My 12th is in sheep, but not in goat.
My 13th is in want, but not in need.
My 14th is in fast, but not in speed.
My 15th is in groan, but not in sigh.
My 16th is in wet, but not in dry.
My 17th is in slain, but not in slay.
My 18th is in road, but not in way.
My whole is an anxious question asked every day. J. L. SINGLETON.
Robbinsville.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

June 6, 1794, at 6 in the morning, the altitude of the sun was observed to be one-third of the latitude. Required, the place of observation. GILL BATER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A silver cup, in the form of a frustrum of a cone, whose top diameter is 3 inches, its bottom diameter 4 inches, and its altitude 6 inches, being filled with liquor, a person drank out of it until he could see the middle of the bottom. It is required to find how much he drank.
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing there is a triangular tract of land, containing in area 118 acres and 90 perches, one of the sides thereof measures 210 perches in length, and the other two sides are in proportion to each other as 18 is to 13. What is the length of these two sides?
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why should the rain be regarded the principal animal of the dairy? Ans.—Because he is the butter; of course he is.

☞ Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Ans.—Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

☞ Why are suicides the most successful people in the world? Ans.—Because they always accomplish their *own ends.*

☞ Why is a blush like a little girl? Ans.—Because it becomes a woman.

☞ Why is the first chicken like a foremast? Ans.—Because it is just before the main hatch.

☞ Why is a broken chair like one who despises you? Ans.—Because it can't bear you.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot." CHARADE—Burgamot, (Burr, Gay, Mott.) CHARADE—Just. RIDDLE—Claudius Nero. RIDDLE—A Splinter. CHARADE—A Happy New Year, (A, Hap, Pie, New, Year.)

A. Martin's answer to his QUESTION of Dec. 3d, 1864, is as follows:—The cup is 8 inches deep and 12 inches in diameter at the top.

W. Silverly sends answer to his of same date:—18 hours.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published Dec. 10th:—E. was A.'s wife, and had $10. Morgan Stevens, H. W. Meyer, Wis., and the author.

Morgan Stevens's answer to his PROBLEM, same date:—23072 cubic inches. Also answered by Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to L. B. Chester's PROBLEM, same date:—45.6 rods.—Morgan Stevens. 250.7 yds.—H. W. Meyer. 11.4 chains.—L. B. Chester and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to D. E.'s PROBLEM, same date:—13 miles, 79 rods, 8 feet.—Morgan Stevens. Allowing the earth's diameter to be 7912 miles, the distance to the ship is 21 miles, 30 rods, 13 feet, 7.164672 in.—Jas. M. Greenwood.

Contributions must be written on one side of the paper *only*.—ED. RIDDLER.

☞ Mankind are not governed by those that know the most. It is not what men know, but what they do, that governs their place in the world.